



THE  
PERSONAL HISTORY, ADVENTURES,  
EXPERIENCE, & OBSERVATION

OF  
DAVID  
COPPERFIELD  
THE YOUNGER.

OF BLUNDERSTONE ROOKERY.

(Which He never meant to be Published on any Account.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, WHITEFRIARS.

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## ON AN OLD PICTURE.

How that old picture brings before the eye  
The Dress peculiar to the days gone by!  
Look at the figures! such outlandish styles  
Seem fashion'd only to provoke to smiles.  
How very different were the dresses worn  
When that old-fashion'd picture first was drawn.  
See! *there's* a curious coat—and *there's* a hat!  
And *there's* a bonnie waistcoat! look at that!  
What would be thought, if, in the *present* day,  
A person were to dress in such a way?  
Folks in the public streets would stand to mock  
And make th' eccentric man a laughing stock.  
Though all the fashion, fifty years ago,  
They would not now pass muster—O, dear, no!  
Moses and Son's superior style in clothes

Would ne'er be set aside for such as those.  
You see by that old picture, hanging there,  
What vast improvements have been brought to bear.  
Look at that coat! how wretchedly it fits,  
And see the vest! how awkwardly it sits.  
Mine (which I bought of Moses, by the bye),  
In style and fit, offend not thus the eye.  
Moses and Son for me! no Tailors please  
In any single sense, compared with these.  
Their Boots and Hats, as well as their attire,  
Are positively all that we require.  
Better I never saw, nor better want,  
And better can't be had, depend upon 't.  
Moses and Son for me! no tradesmen please,  
In any single point, compared with these.

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## Division (B.)—Vegetable Kingdom.

The objects which the Commission is most desirous of receiving, among the products of the Vegetable Kingdom, are such as from their utility, novelty, or practical interest may appear especially deserving public attention. Particularly fine samples of substances in common use; authenticated samples of substances having similar properties, but derived from different sources—such as Arrowroot, Sago, &c. Dyeing Materials, accompanied by specimens exhibiting the effect of such Materials. Fancy Wood, both in the polished, rough, and manufactured state. All sorts of materials, which are applicable to the manufacture of linen, cordage, wicker-work, paper, and the like.

Nothing, however, appears suitable to this Exhibition except such results of human industry as are capable of being preserved without injury through several months.

## Division (C.)—Animal Kingdom.

As Illustrations in this Division, the various Processes of Preparation may be exhibited in connection with the Raw Materials; and in some cases a Finished Article may be introduced as the termination of a series of objects in preparatory stages.

Nothing, however, appears suitable to this Exhibition except such results of human industry as are capable of being preserved without injury through several months.

## Section 2.—Machinery.

### Division (A.)—Machines for Direct Use.

Machines will be exhibited in motion, whenever it may be desirable to do so, and it may be found practicable to provide the necessary arrangements for that purpose.

### Division (B.)—Manufacturing Machines.

Although in arranging this class for exhibition, it will generally be found advisable to separate the Products from the Producing Mechanism; yet the latter should always be accompanied with sufficient specimens of the Raw Material, in its several stages of manufacture, and of the finished product, to make the operation of the Machinery intelligible.

The complete series of tools and machinery that belongs to the manufacture of any object of common use, such as a watch, a button, or a needle, accompanied by specimens of the object and its parts, in their various stages of progress, is so instructive and interesting, that it is very desirable to obtain several such series for the proposed Exhibition.

## Section 3.—Manufactures.

Manufactures to be exhibited in this Section must be in their *Finished* state, as fit for use.

Designs for Manufactures will be exhibited in the Section of Manufactures.

All Articles to be admitted in this Section must exhibit one or more of the following qualifications:—

1. Increased usefulness, such as permanency in dyes; improved forms and arrangements in articles of utility, &c.
2. Superior skill in Workmanship, as in block-printing, chasing, &c.
3. New use of known Materials.
4. Use of New Materials.
5. New Combinations of Materials, as in Metal and Pottery.
6. Beauty of Design, in form, or colour, or both, with reference to Utility.
7. Cheapness, relatively to excellence of Production.

## Section 4.—Sculpture, Models, and the Plastic Art.

Objects formed in any kind of material, if they exhibit such a degree of taste and skill as to come under the denomination of *Fine Art*, may be admitted into this Section.

The Specimens exhibited shall be works of Living Artists.

Oil Paintings and Water-Colour Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings, are not to be admitted, except as illustrations or examples of materials and processes; and Portrait Busts are not to be admitted.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PRODUCTIONS.

Arrangements made by the Board of Customs to admit Foreign and Colonial Productions for the purposes of the Exhibition of 1851.

1st. That all Works intended for the Exhibition should, in the first instance, be admitted into this country without payment of duty; that the Goods should not be subject to examination at the Waterside, but conveyed to the place of Exhibition, at the expense of the Importer, under charge of proper officers of the Customs, to be there opened by the Importer or his Agent, and examined in the presence of the proper Officer of the Customs, in order to assess the amount of duty which would become payable thereon if sold in this country, and such marks attached thereto as may be considered necessary to maintain the identity of the Goods.

2nd. That the Goods brought for Exhibition should be considered as warehoused, under the Warehousing Regulations, in the premises appointed for the Exhibition; and that security be given in each case for the due re-exportation of the Goods, or payment of the duty at the close of the Exhibition;—and no Foreign Goods liable to duty to be on any account removed from the premises until the termination of the Exhibition; and then only on payment of the duty, or for re-exportation.

3rd. That Goods intended for Exhibition should be imported into one of the following Ports; viz.—

LONDON,—LIVERPOOL,—BRISTOL,—HULL,—NEWCASTLE,—DOVER,—FOLKESTONE,—and SOUTHAMPTON;

and the Board of Customs to make such regulations, and appoint such Officers of the Department for taking charge of the Goods at the place of Exhibition, in communication with the Commission for conducting the proceedings, as may be deemed essential for the security of the interests of the Revenue.



### Section 3.—Manufactures.

Manufactures to be exhibited in this Section must be in their *Finished* state, as fit for use.

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <b>1.—FABRICS.</b>   | { From Flax, Hemp,<br>Cotton, and similar<br>Vegetable Sub-<br>stances .....<br>From Wool and Silk,<br>and similar Animal<br>Substances ..... | { Goods, Plain and Figured in the Loom; also, Printed,<br>Coloured, or Embossed, including—  |
| SPUN AND WOVEN .....   | { From Fur and Hair,<br>and similar Animal<br>Substances .....<br>From Rags and Fibre,<br>and similar Vege-<br>table Substances..             | { LINENS, CANVAS—Floor Cloths, Calicoes, &c.; Oil<br>Cloths of all kinds;—also, Lace, Bobbinet, Figured<br>Lace, Needlework, Embroidery, Tambouring, &c.<br>BROAD CLOTHS—Blankets, Carpets, Shawls, Damasks,<br>Satin, Velvets, Stuffs, Poplins, Tabinets, Crapes.<br>FELTS, HATS—Felted Floor Cloths, and Felted Fabrics<br>generally, Plain or Printed, Coloured and Em-<br>bossed.<br>PAPERS of all kinds, Plain and Ornamental Paper-hangings<br>and Decorations, Cards, Pasteboard, &c. |
| FELTED OR LAID .....   | { Gold and Silver, Cop-<br>per and Zinc, Iron,<br>Steel, Lead, Bronze,<br>Pewter, Mixed Me-<br>tals .....                                     | { Gold and Silver Plate, and Jewellers' Work, Metal Orna-<br>ments, Metal Mountings, Buttons, Locksmiths' Work,<br>Wire Work, General Ironmongery, Fenders and Grates<br>and Fire irons, Bronze Lamps, Britannia Metal Wares,<br>German Silver and White Metal; Culinary and Steel<br>Ornaments.   |
| <b>2.—MANUFACTURES<br/>IN METALS.</b>  |   |  |
| <b>3.—MANUFACTURES IN GLASS, PORCELAIN, TERRA COTTA, and EARTHENWARE of all<br/>kinds, &amp;c.</b>                                 |   |  |
| <b>4.—MANUFACTURES FROM VEGETABLE<br/>SUBSTANCES—Wood, Straw, Hemp, Grass,<br/>Caoutchouc, Gutta Percha .....</b>                  | { as  | { Cabinet Work and Household Furniture, Turnery, Bas-<br>kets, Mats and Matting, Cordage and Cables, Straw<br>Plait, Utensils of every kind in Caoutchouc and Gutta<br>Percha, Coopers' Work, &c.  |
| <b>5.—MANUFACTURES FROM ANIMAL<br/>SUBSTANCES—Ivory, Bone, Horn, Parch-<br/>ment, Leather, Shell, Hair, Feathers, and Bristles</b> | { as  | { Handles and Utensils of Horn, Ivory, and Bone; Book-<br>binding, Leather Cases, Trunks, Harness, Boots and<br>Shoes, Brushes, &c.  |
| <b>6.—SMALL WARES AND CHEMICAL<br/>COMPOUNDS .....</b>   | { as  | { Umbrellas, Garments, Artificial Flowers, Fringes, Gimps,<br>Beads, and Toys; Confectionary, Soap, Candles<br>Sealing Wax and Wafers, &c.   |

### Section 4.—Sculpture, Models, and the Plastic Art.

Objects formed in any kind of material, if they exhibit such a degree of taste and skill as to come under the denomination of *Fine Art*, may be admitted into this Section.

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|--|--|
| <b>1.—SCULPTURE AS<br/>A FINE ART ....</b>   | { (a.) IN METALS, whether simple, as Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Zinc, Lead; or com-<br>pound, such as Bronze, Electrum, &c.<br>(b.) IN MINERALS, whether simple, as Marble, Stone, Gems, Clay, &c.; or in materials<br>elaborated from them, as Glass, Porcelain.<br>(c.) IN WOODS AND OTHER VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.<br>(d.) IN ANIMAL SUBSTANCES, such as Ivory, Bone, Shells, Shell-Cameos. |
| <b>2.—WORKS IN DIE SINKING INTAGLIOS.</b>  |  |
| <b>3.—ARCHITECTURAL DECORATIONS.</b>   | { Whether INTEGRAL in Relief, Colour, or<br>ADVENTITIOUS, as Stained Glass, Tapestry.  |
| <b>4.—MOAICS AND INLAID WORK .....</b>   | In Stone, Tiles, Vitrified Materials, Wood, Metal.   |
| <b>5.—ENAMELS .....</b>  | On Metals, China, Glass.   |
| <b>6.—MATERIALS AND PROCESSES APPLICABLE TO THE FINE ARTS GENERALLY, including<br/>Fine Art Printing, Printing in Colour, &amp;c., &amp;c.</b> |  |
| <b>7.—MODELS .....</b>   | In Architecture, Topography, Anatomy.  |

### CONDITIONS AND LIMITATIONS.

All Spirits, Wines, and Fermented Liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible, except in special cases, and under special restrictions; and when Oils, Spirits, &c. are exhibited, to prevent accidents, they must be shown in well-secured glass vessels.

All highly-inflammable articles, such as Gunpowder, Detonating Powders, Lucifer Matches, &c.; and all Live Stock, and articles perishable within the duration of the Exhibition, are inadmissible, unless specially excepted.

#### Section 1.—Raw Materials and Produce.

##### Division (A).—Mineral Kingdom.

It is desirable that the Raw Materials should be shown in connection with the produce of the Mineral Kingdom, so as to form a history and explanation of the processes employed to fit them for the useful and ornamental purposes of life. The Exhibition would thus comprehend (1.) Illustrations of the various modes of extracting and preparing the *Raw Materials* for Produce; (2.) Illustrations of methods of reducing, working, or combining Raw Materials, so as to obtain *Products* which may afterwards receive applications to the useful or ornamental purposes of life.

The Specimens fitted for exhibition should include (1.) only those remarkable for their *excellence*, for *novelty* in their occurrence or application, or *economy* of their extraction or preparation: or (2.) those remarkable as *illustrations* of some further processes of Manufacture.

## Section 2.—Machinery.

### (A.)—Machines for Direct Use.

1. Prime Movers. { As Boilers and Furnaces for generating Steam, Steam Engines, Waterwheels and other Hydraulic Movers, Windmills, other Engines for generating Power, &c.
2. Separate parts of Mechanism and Gearing. { As Toothed Wheels, Link-work, Belts, Couplings, contrivances for modifying motion, for reversing and stopping, and for the government and self-action of Machinery, &c. Specimens of perfection in workmanship—such as straight edges, flat surfaces, screws, spheres, &c.
3. Machines for Raising and Moving Bodies. { RAISING WATER and OTHER LIQUIDS—As Pumps, Fire-engines, Hydraulic Rams, &c.  
RAISING and MOVING WEIGHTS, AND PRODUCING PRESSURE—Such as Crabs, Cranes, Travellers, Screw Jacks, Hydraulic Presses, Pile Drivers, &c.  
CARRIAGES AND VEHICLES.  
MACHINERY OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.  
NAVAL MECHANISM, AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.
4. Machines for Weighing, Measuring, and Registration. { As Weighing Machines of all kinds, Apparatus for the Measurement of Length and Capacity, for the Registration of Natural Phenomena, and of the results and operations of other Machinery—as Tide Gauges, Anemometers, Calculating Machines, Tell-tales, Counting Machines, Numbering Frames, Copying Machines, Dynamometers, &c.  
TURRET AND OTHER CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND CHRONOMETERS.
5. Instruments and Miscellaneous Contrivances { MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS—As Astronomical and Optical Instruments, Apparatus for the Graduation and Division of Lines and Circles: Physical and Chemical Apparatus, including Electric, Magnetic, and Galvanic Apparatus, &c.  
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS USED BY ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS.  
MUSICAL AND ACOUSTICAL INSTRUMENTS—As Organs, Pianofortes, Harps, Flutes, Imitation of the Human Voice in Singing and Speaking, &c.  
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.  
LOCKS, and small Machines for Miscellaneous Purposes.
6. Guns, Pistols, &c. And all that belongs to their equipment.
7. Agricultural Machinery. { FIELD IMPLEMENTS—As Ploughs, Sub-soil Plough, Skim Plough; Harrows, Norwegian Sarrow, Clod Crusher, Grubber, or Scarifier; Corn Drill, Turnip Drill, Water Drill, Dry Manure Machine, Liquid Manure Machine, Horse Seed Dribbler, Roller, Presser, Horse Hoe, One Horse Cart, Horse Rakes, Haymaking Machines.  
YARD IMPLEMENTS—Threshing Machine, Corn Dressing Machine, Chaff Cutter, Turnip Cutter, Cake Bruiser, Corn Bruiser; Moveable Steam Engine; Tile Machines, Draining Tools.  
GARDEN IMPLEMENTS.

### (B.)—Manufacturing Machines.

#### OR SYSTEMS OF MACHINERY, TOOLS, AND IMPLEMENTS, EMPLOYED FOR THE UNDERMENTIONED PURPOSES.

1. Manufactures of all Fabrics that are Spun, Woven, Felted, or Laid { Machinery for the complete formation, from the Raw Material of all fabrics of Cotton, Wool, Flax, Hemp, Silk, Caoutchouc, Hair, &c.  
Paper Making and Staining.  
Printing and Bookbinding.
2. Manufactures of Metals. { The Manufacture of Metals from the ore into bars, rods, wire, sheets, and other general forms; also, casting and polishing of Metal, Glass, &c.  
The Cutting and Working of Metals by Machine Tools—such as Lathes, Machines for planing, drilling, boring, slotting, sawing, stamping, shearing, rivetting, punching, &c.  
Machines and Tools used by the makers of Gold, Silver, and Plated Goods; Cutlery, Nails, Screws, Pins, Needles, Buttons, and Metallic Pens, &c.; by Locksmiths, Die Sinkers, Furnishing Ironmongers, &c., &c.
3. Manufactures of Mineral Substances. { Machines and Tools for the Preparation and Working of all kinds of Stone, Granite, Alabaster, Slate, Clay, Gems, &c. &c.
4. Manufactures of Vegetable Substances. { Machines and Tools for the preparation and working of all kinds of Wood.  
MILLS, and other Machinery for grinding, crushing, or preparing Vegetable Products.
5. Manufactures of Animal Substances. { Machinery and Tools for Working in Horn, Bone, Ivory, Leather, &c.
6. MACHINERY AND APPARATUS FOR BREWING, DISTILLING, AND MANUFACTURING CHEMISTRY.

### (C.)—Models of Engineering Structures.

#### EXHIBITING THE APPLICATION OF MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES.

1. MODELS OF BRIDGES, VIADUCTS, ROOFS OF LARGE SPAN, in Stone, Wood, Iron, &c.
2. MODELS OF DOCKS, LOCKS, LIGHTHOUSES, BREAKWATERS, HARBOURS, LANDING PIERS, &c.



## (B).—Vegetable Kingdom.

## 1. Substances used chiefly as Food, or in its preparation.

- I. Agricultural Produce.—Cereals, Pulses, Oil Seeds, &c.
- II. Dried Fruits and Seeds.
- III. Substances used in the preparation of Drinks.
- IV. Spices and Condiments.
- V. Starch Series.
- VI. Sugar Series.
- VII. Fermented Liquors and Distilled Spirits from unusual sources.

## 2. Materials used chiefly in the Chemical Arts, or in Medicine.

- VIII. Gum Series.
- IX. Resin Series.—Resins and Balsams, Gum Resins, Gum Elastic.
- X. Oil Series.—Volatile Oils, Drying Fat Oils, Non-Drying Fat Oils, Solid Oils, Wax.
- XI. Acids.
- XII. Dyes and Colours.
- XIII. Tanning Substances.
- XIV. Intoxicating Drugs.
- XV. Medicinal Substances.

## 3. Materials for Building, Clothing, &amp;c.

- XVI. Fibrous Substances.—Cordage and Clothing Materials.
- XVII. Cellular Substances.
- XVIII. Timber and Farcy Woods, for construction and ornament, and prepared by Dyeing, &c.

## 4. Miscellaneous Substances XIX. Miscellaneous Substances not elsewhere enumerated.

\* More detailed lists for this Section may be had on special application.

## (C).—Animal Kingdom.

1. Substances used as Food.  
2. Substances used for Medicinal Purposes.

{ Almost every part of almost every species of Animal serves as Food to some variety or other of the Human Race. Preparations of Food as examples of Industrial Products, for the Exhibition, would comprise,—Specimens of Preserved Meats, for long voyages; Portable Soups; Concentrated Nutrients; Consolidated Milk, &c.; Dried Gelatine, Isinglass, and Albumen; Caviare; Trepang; Sharks' Fins, Nests of the Java Swallow, and the like Articles of Eastern Commerce; Honey and its Preparations.

{ Cod Liver and other animal Oils, for internal or external application.  
Unguents of Spermaceti, Lard, Oil, and combinations of these.  
Musk, Castoreum, Civet, Ambergris (as Antispasmodics).  
Phosphorus and Ammonia (from Bones, Hartshorn, Urine).  
Crabs' Eyes, or the Calcareous Concretions formed in the Craw fish; and Cuttle Bone, used as antacids.  
Cantharides, and their essence Cantharidine.  
Iodine (obtained from Marine Zoophytes and Sponge).

## (a.) FOR TEXTILE FABRICS AND FOR CLOTHING—

Wool, Hair, Hair Bands and Ropes; Bristles, Whalebones.  
Silk from the Silkworm, *Bombyx Mori*, and from other species in India, e. g., *Bombycilla Cynthia* and *Attacus Paphia*.  
Feathers, Down, Fur.  
Skins, Hides, Leather.  
Elytra or Beetle wings (for Ornaments of Dress).  
Byssus, from the Pinna Shell Fish (manufactured into gloves).

## (b.) FOR DOMESTIC OR ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES, OR FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF IMPLEMENTS—

Bone, Horn, Hoofs, Ivory, Tortoise-shell, Shagreen, Parchment, Vellum, Quills.  
Pearls (*Meleagrina margaritifera*, *Unio margaritifera*); Seed Pearl (*Mytilus edulis*).  
Coral.  
Oils, Tallows, Spermaceti, Wax, Lard.  
Silkworm Gut.  
Mother of Pearl (Shells of *Meleagrina*, *Haliotis*, and *Turbo*)—Buffalo Shells, Bombay Shells, Black Shells, White-edge Shells, Yellow-edge Shells, Flat Shells, Green Snail Shells.  
Sponge, Goldbeaters' Skin, Catgut, Bladders.

## (c.) AS AGENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF VARIOUS ARTICLES—

Glue, Isinglass, Gelatine.  
Bone Black, Ivory Black, Animal Charcoal.

## (d.) FOR THE PRODUCTION OF CHEMICAL SUBSTANCES—

Bones, &c. (for Phosphorus, Ammonia, Cyanides, &c. &c.)

## (e.) FOR PIGMENTS AND DYES—

Cochineal, Carmine, from the *Coccus cacti*; Dyes from the Galls of Aphides; Gall Stone Pigment from Ox Gall; Lac, a substance obtained from an Indian species of *Coccus*, and the varieties called in commerce *Stick Lac*, *Seed Lac*, *Lump Lac*, *Shell Lac*, *Lac Lake*, *Lac Dye*; Sepia; Essence D'Orient, from Scales of Bleak (*Leuciscus*), used in the manufacture of Artificial Pearls.

## 3. Substances used in Manufactures.

## (A.) CHEMICAL SUBSTANCES EMPLOYED IN MANUFACTURES.

- (a.) *Non-Metallic Substances*—Such as Carbon in its various states for the purposes of fuel, Charcoal, Coke, Bituminous Coal, Anthracite, Lignite, Artificial Fuels, Products of distillation of Coals, Mineral Oils and Naphtha; Phosphorus in its different states; Sulphur as in the Manufacture of Sulphuric Acid, &c., Muriatic Acid, Nitric Acid, Boracic Acid, &c. &c.
- (b.) *Alkalis, Earths, and their Compounds*—Such as Potash and its Salts, as Carbonate, Sulphate, and Chlorate of Potash; Nitre native and artificial, the latter as made in Asia, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and as used for Gunpowder, &c.;—*Soda and its Salts*, as Common Salt and its various modes of preparation, Nitrate of Soda, Borax, Soda Ash, and Carbonate of Soda native and as prepared either from Salt, Barilla, or Kelp, and as used for soap or glass-making, &c.; Sulphate of Soda, &c.;—*Lime and its Compounds*, as Limestone, Chalk, Marbles, Mortars, and Hydraulic Limestone, Cements, Materials for Frescoes, Plaster of Paris, Gypsum, Alabaster, Bleaching Powder, &c.;—*Magnesia*, and the materials for preparing it and its Salts;—*Barytes*, as Sulphate of Barytes; *Strontia* for coloured fires, &c.;—*Alumina*, as Alum Slate, Alum, Sulphate of Alumina, &c.
- (c.) *Metals Proper, and their Compounds*—Such as Iron and its Salts, Iron Pyrites for Green Vitriol, Colcothar, Ochre, Venetian Red, or as used for calico-printing and dyeing, Sulphate of Iron as used for making Sulphuric Acid, &c.;—*Copper*, as Acetate and Sulphate of Copper, as used for colours and dyeing, for electrotyping, &c., Verdigris, Scheeles Green, Verditer, Carbonate of Copper, &c.;—*Zinc and its Salts*, Zinc Paint, &c.;—*Tin and its Compounds*, as Salts of Tin, Stannates, Oxymuriate, &c.;—*Lead*, as White Lead, Acetate and Nitrate of Lead, Naples Yellow, &c.;—*Chromium*, as Chrome Ore, Chromates of Potash, Yellow and Orange Chromate of Lead, Oxide of Chromium for colours, as for glass, pottery, &c.;—*Arsenic*, as Scheeles Green, Orpiment, Realgar, &c.;—*Antimony*, as Sulphuret of Antimony for percussion powder, lucifer-matches, &c.;—*Bismuth*, as pearl white, &c.;—*Cobalt*, as Oxide of Cobalt for pottery colours, Smalt blue, &c.;—*Nickel*, for glass-staining, &c.;—*Tungsten*, as the Yellow Oxides, Tungstates for dyeing, &c.;—*Mercury*, as for philosophical instruments, silvering mirrors, &c.;—*Gold, Platinum, Silver*, and the other noble metals, their preparations for electrotyping, giving of metallic lustres, &c. &c.
- (d.) *Mixed Chemical Manufactures*—Such as Soap, Prussiate of Potash and Prussian Blue, Ultramarine, &c. &c.

## (B.) CHEMICAL SUBSTANCES USED IN MEDICINE.

- (a.) *Non-Metallic Substances*—As Iodine, Bromine, Chlorine, Sulphur, Phosphorus, Charcoal, and their compounds, &c.
- (b.) *Alkalis, Earths, and their Compounds*—As Carbonates, Chlorides, Sulphates, Nitrates, Phosphates, &c., and other compounds of Potash, Soda, Lime, and Magnesia, &c. &c.
- (c.) *Metallic Preparations*—As Calomel, Corrosive Sublimite, Red Oxide, and Bisulphuret of Mercury, and other compounds; Salts of Silver, Copper, Iron, Antimony, Zinc, &c. &c.

## (C.) RARER SUBSTANCES MANUFACTURED CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF THE SCIENTIFIC CHEMIST.

Iodine, Bromine, Selenium; Potassium, Sodium, and other rare Metallic Bases, and their compounds, &c.

## (A.) GLASS.

- (a.) *Coarser Materials used in Glass-making*.—As Sand, Chalk, Carbonates of Soda and Potash, Sulphate of Soda, Gypsum, Common Salt, Rock Salt, Soapers' Waste, Gas Lime, Lime, Clay, &c., &c.
- (b.) *Colours and Chemical Materials used in further processes of Glass-making*.—As compounds of Arsenic, Antimony, Boracic Acid, Borax, Barytes, Copper, Chromium, Cobalt, Gold and Iron, Litharge, Red Lead, Oxides of Manganese, Nickel, Uranium, Silver, Saltpetre, Smalt Blue, Phosphate of Lime, &c., &c.
- (c.) *Various kinds of Glass used for Manufactures*.—As Soluble or Water Glass, Crown, Window, and Mirror; Crystal, Flint, and Strass Glass; German Sheet and Plate Glass; Glass for Optical and for Laboratory purposes; Coloured and Stained Glass; Enamel, Aventurin, Glass for Artificial Gems, &c., &c.

## (B.) PORCELAIN AND POTTERY.

- (a.) *Materials used, and the modes of dressing and preparing them for use*.—As Kaolin, Cornish Stone, Plastic Clays, Sand, Quartz, Flints, Felspar, Chalk, Gypsum, Soda, Potash, Salt, Alum, Borax, Bone Ash, Peroxide of Tin, Oxides of Lead, Cobalt, Nickel, Chromium, Iron, Copper, Manganese, &c., &c.
- (b.) *Finer kinds, as used for Manufacturing purposes*.—As Porcelain hard and tender, Earthenware, Stone Ware, Flint Ware, Fayence, Delft Ware, Ironstone China, &c., &c.: Materials and Processes illustrating the mixing, moulding, pressing, drying, glazing, colouring, printing, staining, painting, and gilding, &c.
- (c.) *Coarser kinds, as used for Manufacturing purposes*.—As Materials for Bricks, House, and Field Draining Tiles and Pipes, Common Jars, Bottles, Pans, &c., &c.
- (a.) *Employed in Architecture and Engineering*.—Granites, Sandstones, Slates, Limestones, Serpentine, Porphyries, Marbles, Bricks, Tiles, Earthen Tubes, Artificial Stones, Plasters, Cements, Earths; Pounded Rocks, and other Paints made with simple natural substances, &c. &c.
- (b.) *Implements*.—Grindstones, Chert, Honestones, Diamonds, Rubies, Emery, and other hard Minerals for cutting gems, less valuable minerals and glass, or as used in the construction of watches, &c. &c.
- (c.) *Personal Decoration*.—Gems of all kinds, and all varieties of Mineral Substances used for decoration, as Agates, Cornelians, Onyxes, Lapis Lazuli, &c. &c.



Her Majesty's Commissioners hope that the funds to be placed at their disposal by voluntary contributions may be such as to enable them so to regulate the amount to be paid for entrance, that all classes may be enabled to visit the Exhibition.

Should any surplus remain, after giving every facility to the Exhibitors and increasing the privileges of the Public as spectators, Her Majesty's Commissioners intend to apply the same to purposes strictly in connexion with the ends of the Exhibition, or for the establishment of similar Exhibitions for the future.

However large the Building may be,—the quantity of articles sent for Exhibition may exceed any amount of space that can be provided;—Her Majesty's Commissioners consequently reserve to themselves ample powers of rejection and selection. Upon the amount subscribed must necessarily depend the space which they may be enabled to allot; but under all circumstances they will have to exercise a certain discretion.

Her Majesty's Commissioners also desire that the Local Committees will, as early as possible, procure an inventory or general specification of articles proposed to be exhibited from their Districts, and of the space which will be required for their exhibition, in order to enable the Commissioners to determine as soon as possible the extent and the proportions of the building.

Her Majesty's Commissioners are in communication with the Foreign Office, concerning the means of informing Foreign Governments of the arrangements making for the Exhibition.

Her Majesty's Commissioners are considering the principles upon which the Prize Fund of £20,000, shall be appropriated, and the best mode of adjudication.

If there be any points upon which Local Committees may require information, and will address themselves to the Secretaries of the Commission, Her Majesty's Commissioners will be happy to afford it to them, so far as it may be in their power.

AT THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER,  
21st of February, 1850.

(Signed)

J. SCOTT RUSSELL.  
STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

## CLASSIFIED LISTS OF OBJECTS

Which may be admitted to the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, to be opened in London 1st May, 1851.

- SECTION I. Raw Materials and Produce,—illustrative of the natural productions on which human industry is employed.
- SECTION II. Machinery for Agricultural, Manufacturing, Engineering, and other purposes, and Mechanical Inventions,—illustrative of the agents which human ingenuity brings to bear upon the products of nature.
- SECTION III. Manufactures,—illustrative of the result produced by the operation of human industry upon natural produce.
- SECTION IV. Sculpture, Models, and the Plastic Art generally,—illustrative of the taste and skill displayed in such applications of human industry.

This Division of the Objects for exhibition into Four Sections will be generally preserved. Articles belonging to one Section may, however, be admitted to another, where they may be considered necessary,—but in such cases for illustration only.

### Section I.—Raw Materials and Produce.

Under Raw Materials in this Section are to be included all products of the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms, either in an entirely Raw State, or in any Stage of Preparation, previous to arriving at the state of a Finished Manufacture (as in Section III.) They are classified according to their uses to man, in their original state and in their Chemical and Mechanical transformations.

#### (A.) Mineral Kingdom.

#### 1. Used in Metallic Manufactures.

- (a.) *Ores, and Modes of Dressing.*—Native Metals, or Metallic Ores,—the Modes of Dressing, such as crushing, stamping, jigging, buddling, or otherwise rendering them Merchantable; as in the cases of Antimony, Arsenic, Bismuth, Cadmium, Cobalt, Copper, Gold, Iron, Lead, Mercury, Nickel, Palladium, Platinum, Silver, Tin, Zinc, &c., &c.
- (b.) *Metallurgical Processes.*—The various Methods of Roasting and Smelting the Ores, so as to illustrate Processes. Fluxes, Slags, and other Materials which may serve the purposes of illustration. The various Processes used in adapting Metals for particular purposes, as for making Iron into Cast-iron, Malleable Iron and Steel, &c., &c.
- (c.) *Alloys.*—Bronzes of various kinds, such as Statuary, Gun, Bell, and Speculum Metal, Britannia Metal, Brass of different kinds, German Silver, Argentine, and other varieties of White Metal, Pewter, Type Metals, Sheathing Metal, Compounds of Metals with Phosphorus and other Non-metallic bodies, &c., &c.
- (d.) *Metals in process of adaptation to Finished Manufactures.*—Rolled and Drawn in Sheets, Wires, &c., and Cast in Pigs, Bars, &c., Plated and Electro-typed Metals, &c.

# EXHIBITION

OF

## INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS;

TO BE HELD IN LONDON IN 1851.

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS for the Promotion of the EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, to be holden in 1851, having had the various subjects of their inquiry under their anxious consideration, are now prepared to state, for the information of the public, the progress they have made in determining on the different points referred to in their announcement of the 11th January last.

The decisions they have been able to come to have been necessarily limited by their present want of knowledge as to what pecuniary means will be placed at their disposal; and the shortness of the time, during which this vast organization will have to be completed renders it imperative upon the Commissioners to make an earnest appeal to the country, to enable them as soon as possible, to know upon what amount of subscriptions they may ultimately rely.

The scale upon which this important undertaking will be conducted, must depend entirely on the amount of pecuniary support which it shall receive from the public. Her Majesty's Commissioners appeal with confidence to all classes of the community, to enable them to make such liberal arrangements as will ensure the success of this undertaking, in a manner worthy of the character and position of this country, and of the invitation which has been given to the other nations of the world to compete with us in a spirit of generous and friendly emulation.

The Commissioners have fixed upon the 1st day of May, 1851, for opening the Exhibition. The Commissioners will be prepared to receive and take care of, at the expense of the Commissioners, all articles which may be sent to them, and delivered at a place to be named by the Commissioners in London, on or after the 1st of January, 1851, and will continue so to receive goods until the 1st of March inclusive; after which day no further goods will be received.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a site for this purpose on the south side of Hyde Park, lying between the Kensington Drive and the Ride commonly called Rotten Row.

From the approximate estimate which the Commissioners have been able to make, they believe that the Building ought to cover a space of from 16 to 20 Acres, or about One million of Square Feet.

The Productions of all Nations will be exhibited together, under one General Classification. The Articles exhibited will be divided into Four Sections, as before announced, and a Classified List, together with general instructions affecting each Department, are appended. Her Majesty's Commissioners wish to express their grateful sense of the valuable assistance which they have received in drawing up that List from the Members of the Sectional Committees.

The Building will be provided to the Exhibitors free from rent, and will be fire-proof. Exhibitors will be required to deliver their objects, at their own charge and risk, at the Building in the Park; but no charges of any kind will be made whilst they remain there.

Colonial and Foreign productions will be admitted without paying duty, for the purposes of exhibition, but not for internal consumption. Her Majesty's Commissioners of Customs will consider all such Articles as Bonded Goods; and Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 will make suitable arrangements for their reception.

Her Majesty's Commissioners are desirous that there should be complete local organization, and that the Local Committees, wherever formed, should themselves collect the Subscriptions within their own districts. The Local Committees should advertise all Subscriptions they receive, and defray all local expenses, paying such commission for collection as they may think necessary.

Her Majesty's Commissioners think that the same complete system of organization should be extended as much as possible to the British Colonies.

Subscriptions should be paid to the Treasurers of Local Committees, and by them transferred to the General Fund at the Bank of England, in the names of A. K. Barclay, Esq., W. Cotton, Esq., Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart., S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., and Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P.

Her Majesty's Commissioners having undertaken the absolute control over the expenditure of all money that may come into the hands of their Treasurers, have made arrangements for auditing accounts, and ensuring the strictest economy.



(From the *Nottingham Review*.)

The first monthly part has made its appearance, and fully bears out its title as a "friend" and "instructor," and is moreover extremely talented and interesting.

(From the *Plymouth Journal*.)

We have seen a great deal of cheap literature of late, and its appearance has excited our astonishment; but we have seen nothing equal to the pennyworth that is now before us. It is not only literary, but has a very large spice of that political information, which will render it essentially welcome to working men, most of whom hold decided views, and are friendly to those works that give utterance to them.

(From the *North and South Shields Gazette*.)

Without hyperbole or humbug, this is the rarest Working Man's Friend we have met with for many a day. We say to all our readers—and especially to such as have families—go and get a copy of it the first opportunity, and then if most of you do not become regular subscribers, for your own sake, or for that of the young folks, we shall think our taste is defective.

(From the *Norfolk News*.)

We hail with pleasure every effort to enlighten the minds of the people, relative to their rights and their duties, as members of social and political society; but we give more than ordinary welcome to this little serial, inasmuch as it is more adapted to the requirements of the day than any other of the class which we have yet seen. It is cheap, interesting, and instructive. The opening address alone are worth more than ten times the cost of the whole. To every working man, ay, and to every man, we say: "Take it regularly, read it regularly with an unprejudiced mind, and you will, if the first and second numbers be a guarantee of its future career, be as regularly gratified with its matter, and the spirit in which it is conducted."

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authority, of great innate modesty, and of a most sweet humanity. This remarkable alderman, as I am informed by *The Observer* newspaper, then and there delivered himself (I quote the passage without any correction) as follows:

"Having touched upon the point of saving to the poor, he begged to illustrate it by reading for them the particulars of a survey that had been made in a locality called 'Jacob's Island'—[a laugh]—where, according to the surveyor, 1,300 houses were erected on forty acres of ground. The surveyor asserted and laid down that each house could be supplied with a constant supply of pure water—secondly, that each house could be supplied with a sink—thirdly, a water-closet—fourthly, a drain—fifthly, a foundation drain—and, sixthly, the accommodation of a dust bin [laughter], and all at the average rate of 13s. 4d. per week [oh, oh, and laughter].

"Mr. G. BIRD: Can Sir Peter Laurie tell the vestry where 'Jacob's Island' is [laughter]."  
 "Sir P. LAURIE: That was just what he was about to tell them. The Bishop of London, poor soul, in his simplicity, thought there really was such a place, which he had been describing so minutely, whereas it turned out that it *only* existed in a work of fiction, written by Mr. Charles Dickens ten years ago [roars of laughter]. The fact was admitted by Mr. Charles Dickens himself at the meeting, and he (Sir P. Laurie) had extracted his words from the same paper, the *Morning Herald*. Mr. Dickens said: 'Now the first of these classes proceeded generally on the supposition that the compulsory improvement of these dwellings, when exceedingly defective, would be very expensive. But that was a great mistake, for nothing was cheaper than good sanitary improvements, as they knew in this case of 'Jacob's Island' [laughter], which he had described in a work of fiction some ten or eleven years ago.'"

When I came to read this, I was so much struck by the honesty, by the truth, and by the wisdom of this logic, as well as by the fact of the sagacious vestry, including members of parliament, magistrates, officers, chemists, and I know not who else, listening to it meekly (as became them), that I resolved to record the fact here, as a certain means of making it known to, and causing it to be revered by, many thousands of people. Reflecting upon this logic, and its universal application; remembering that when FIELDING described Newgate, the prison immediately ceased to exist; that when SMOLLETT took Roderick Random to Bath, that city instantly sank into the earth; that when SCOTT exercised his genius on Whitefriars, it incontinently glided into the Thames; that an ancient place called Windsor was entirely destroyed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by two Merry Wives of that town, acting under the direction of a person of the name of SHAKESPEARE; and that Mr. POPE, after having at a great expense completed his grotto at Twickenham, incautiously reduced it to ashes by writing a poem upon it;—I say, when I came to consider these things, I was inclined to make this preface the vehicle of my humble tribute of admiration to SIR PETER LAURIE. But, I am restrained by a very painful consideration—by no less a consideration than the impossibility of *his* existence. For SIR PETER LAURIE having been himself described in a book (as I understand he was, one Christmas time, for his conduct on the seat of Justice), it is but too clear that there CAN be no such man!

Otherwise, I should have been quite sure of his concurrence in the following passage, written thirty years ago by my late lamented friend the Reverend SYDNEY SMITH, that great master of wit, and terror of noodles; but singularly applicable to the present occasion.

"We have been thus particular in stating the case, that we may make an answer to those profligate persons who are always ready to fling an air of ridicule upon the labours of humanity, because they are desirous that what they have not the virtue to do themselves, should appear to be foolish and romantic when done by others. A still higher degree of depravity than this, is to want every sort of compassion for human misery, when it is accompanied by filth, poverty, and ignorance. To regulate humanity by the income tax, and to deem the bodily wretchedness and the dirty tears of the poor, a fit subject for pleasantry and contempt. We should have been loth to believe that such deep-seated and disgusting immorality existed in these days; but the notice of it is forced upon us."

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, March, 1850.

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### PREFACE TO THE CHEAP EDITION OF OLIVER TWIST.

At page 267 of this present edition of *OLIVER TWIST*, there is a description of the "filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary, of the many localities that are hidden in London." And the name of this place is *JACOB'S ISLAND*.

Eleven or twelve years have elapsed, since the description was first published. I was as well convinced then, as I am now, that nothing effectual can be done for the elevation of the poor in England, until their dwelling-places are made decent and wholesome. I have always been convinced that this Reform must precede all other Social Reforms; that it must prepare the way for Education, even for Religion; and that, without it, those classes of the people which increase the fastest, must become so desperate and be made so miserable, as to bear within themselves the certain seeds of ruin to the whole community.

The metropolis (of all places under Heaven) being excluded from the provisions of the Public Health Act, passed last year, a society has been formed called the Metropolitan Sanitary Association, with the view of remedying this grievous mistake. The association held its first public meeting at Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, the sixth of February last: the Bishop of London presiding. It happened that this very place, *JACOB'S ISLAND*, had lately attracted the attention of the Board of Health, in consequence of its having been ravaged by cholera; and that the Bishop of London had in his hands the result of an inquiry under the Metropolitan Sewers Commission, shewing, by way of proof of the cheapness of sanitary improvements, an estimate of the probable cost at which the houses in *JACOB'S ISLAND* could be rendered fit for human habitation—which cost was stated at about a penny three farthings per week per house. The Bishop referred to this paper, with the moderation and forbearance which pervaded all his observations, and did me the honour to mention that I had described *JACOB'S ISLAND*. When I subsequently made a few observations myself, I confessed that soft impeachment.

Now the vestry of Marylebone parish, meeting on the following Saturday, had the honour to be addressed by *SIR PETER LAURIE*; a gentleman of infallible



supply, in some natures, the place of years, and I will be as plain with you as if I were a Lady Abbess. No. The suggestion is not appropriate to our Dora. Our dearest Dora is a favorite child of nature. She is a thing of light, and airiness, and joy. I am free to confess that if it could be done, it might be well, but—" And Miss Mills shook her head.

I was encouraged by this closing admission on the part of Miss Mills to ask her, whether, for Dora's sake, if she had any opportunity of luring her attention to such preparations for an earnest life, she would avail herself of it? Miss Mills replied in the affirmative so readily, that I further asked her if she would take charge of the Cookery Book; and, if she ever could insinuate it upon Dora's acceptance, without frightening her, undertake to do me that crowning service. Miss Mills accepted this trust, too; but was not sanguine.

And Dora returned, looking such a lovely little creature, that I really doubted whether she ought to be troubled with anything so ordinary. And she loved me so much, and was so captivating, (particularly when she made Jip stand on his hind legs for toast, and when she pretended to hold that nose of his against the hot tea-pot for punishment because he wouldn't), that I felt like a sort of Monster who had got into a Fairy's bower, when I thought of having frightened her, and made her cry.

After tea we had the guitar; and Dora sang those same dear old French songs about the impossibility of ever on any account leaving off dancing, *La ra la, La ra la*, until I felt a much greater Monster than before.

We had only one check to our pleasure, and that happened a little while before I took my leave, when, Miss Mills chancing to make some allusion to to-morrow morning, I unluckily let out that being obliged to exert myself now, I got up at five o'clock. Whether Dora had any idea that I was a Private Watchman, I am unable to say; but it made a great impression on her, and she neither played nor sang any more.

It was still on her mind when I bade her adieu; and she said to me, in her pretty coaxing way—as if I were a doll, I used to think!

"Now don't get up at five o'clock, you naughty boy. It's so nonsensical!"

"My love," said I, "I have work to do."

"But don't do it!" returned Dora. "Why should you?"

It was impossible to say to that sweet little surprised face, otherwise than lightly and playfully, that we must work, to live.

"Oh! How ridiculous!" cried Dora.

"How shall we live without, Dora?" said I.

"How? Any how!" said Dora.

She seemed to think she had quite settled the question, and gave me such a triumphant little kiss, direct from her innocent heart, that I would hardly have put her out of conceit with her answer, for a fortune.

Well! I loved her, and I went on loving her, most absorbingly, entirely, and completely. But going on, too, working pretty hard, and busily keeping red-hot all the irons I now had in the fire, I would sit sometimes of a night, opposite my aunt, thinking how I had frightened Dora that time, and how I could best make my way with a guitar-case through the forest of difficulty, until I used to fancy that my head was turning quite grey.

and it rests with us to smooth it. We must fight our way onward. We must be brave. There are obstacles to be met, and we must meet, and crush them!"

I was going on at a great rate, with a clenched hand, and a most enthusiastic countenance; but it was quite unnecessary to proceed. I had said enough. I had done it again. Oh, she was so frightened! Oh, where was Julia Mills! Oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! So that, in short, I was quite distracted, and raved about the drawing-room.

I thought I had killed her, this time. I sprinkled water on her face. I went down on my knees. I plucked at my hair. I denounced myself as a remorseless brute and a ruthless beast. I implored her forgiveness. I besought her to look up. I ravaged Miss Mills's work-box for a smelling-bottle, and in my agony of mind applied an ivory needle-case instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora. I shook my fists at Jip, who was as frantic as myself. I did every wild extravagance that could be done, and was a long way beyond the end of my wits when Miss Mills came into the room.

"Who has done this!" exclaimed Miss Mills, succouring her friend.

I replied, "*I*, Miss Mills! *I* have done it! Behold the destroyer!"—or words to that effect—and hid my face from the light, in the sofa cushion.

At first Miss Mills thought it was a quarrel, and that we were verging on the Desert of Sahara; but she soon found out how matters stood, for my dear affectionate little Dora, embracing her, began exclaiming that I was "a poor laborer;" and then cried for me, and embraced me, and asked me would I let her give me all her money to keep, and then fell on Miss Mills's neck, sobbing as if her tender heart were broken.

Miss Mills must have been born to be a blessing to us. She ascertained from me in a few words what it was all about, comforted Dora, and gradually convinced her that I was not a laborer—from my manner of stating the case I believe Dora concluded that I was a navigator, and went balancing myself up and down a plank all day with a wheelbarrow—and so brought us together in peace. When we were quite composed, and Dora had gone up-stairs to put some rose-water to her eyes, Miss Mills rang for tea. In the ensuing interval, I told Miss Mills that she was evermore my friend, and that my heart must cease to vibrate ere I could forget her sympathy.

I then expounded to Miss Mills what I had endeavoured, so very unsuccessfully, to expound to Dora. Miss Mills replied, on general principles, that the Cottage of content was better than the Palace of cold splendour, and that where love was, all was.

I said to Miss Mills that this was very true, and who should know it better than I, who loved Dora with a love that never mortal had experienced yet. But on Miss Mills observing, with despondency, that it were well indeed for some hearts if this were so, I explained that I begged leave to restrict the observation to mortals of the masculine gender.

I then put it to Miss Mills, to say whether she considered that there was or was not any practical merit in the suggestion I had been anxious to make, concerning the accounts, the housekeeping, and the Cookery Book?

Miss Mills, after some consideration, thus replied:

"Mr. Copperfield, I will be plain with you. Mental suffering and trial



"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts!" said Dora. "And Jip must have a mutton-chop every-day at twelve, or he'll die!"

I was charmed with her childish, winning way. I fondly explained to Dora that Jip should have his mutton-chop with his accustomed regularity. I drew a picture of our frugal home, made independent by my labor—sketching-in the little house I had seen at Highgate, and my aunt in her room up-stairs.

"I am not dreadful now, Dora?" said I, tenderly.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dora. "But I hope your aunt will keep in her own room a good deal! And I hope she's not a scolding old thing!"

If it were possible for me to love Dora more than ever, I am sure I did. But I felt she was a little impracticable. It damped my new-born ardor, to find that ardor so difficult of communication to her. I made another trial. When she was quite herself again, and was curling Jip's ears, as he lay upon her lap, I became grave, and said:

"My own! May I mention something?"

"Oh, please don't be practical!" said Dora, coaxingly. "Because it frightens me so!"

"Sweet heart!" I returned; "there is nothing to alarm you in all this. I want you to think of it quite differently. I want to make it nerve you, and inspire you, Dora!"

"Oh, but that's so shocking!" cried Dora.

"My love, no. Perseverance and strength of character will enable us to bear much worse things."

"But I haven't got any strength at all," said Dora, shaking her curls. "Have I, Jip? Oh, do kiss Jip, and be agreeable!"

It was impossible to resist kissing Jip, when she held him up to me for that purpose, putting her own bright, rosy little mouth into kissing form, as she directed the operation, which she insisted should be performed symmetrically, on the centre of his nose. I did as she bade me—rewarding myself afterwards for my obedience—and she charmed me out of my graver character for I don't know how long.

"But, Dora, my beloved!" said I, at last resuming it; "I was going to mention something."

The Judge of the Prerogative Court might have fallen in love with her, to see her fold her little hands and hold them up, begging and praying me not to be dreadful any more.

"Indeed I am not going to be, my darling!" I assured her. "But, Dora, my love, if you will sometimes think,—not despondingly, you know; far from that!—but if you will sometimes think—just to encourage yourself—that you are engaged to a poor man—"

"Don't, don't! Pray don't!" cried Dora. "It's so very dreadful!"

"My soul, not at all!" said I, cheerfully. "If you will sometimes think of that, and look about now and then at your papa's housekeeping, and endeavour to acquire a little habit—of accounts, for instance—"

Poor little Dora received this suggestion with something that was half a sob and half a scream.

"—It will be so useful to us afterwards," I went on. "And if you would promise me to read a little—a little Cookery Book that I would send you, it would be so excellent for both of us. For our path in life, my Dora," said I, warming with the subject, "is stony and rugged now,

injuriously at an immense butcher's dog in the street, who could have taken him like a pill.

Dora came to the drawing-room door to meet me; and Jip came scrambling out, tumbling over his own growls, under the impression that I was a Bandit; and we all three went in, as happy and loving as could be. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar?

My pretty, little, startled Dora! Her only association with the word was a yellow face and a nightcap, or a pair of crutches, or a wooden leg, or a dog with a decanter-stand in his mouth, or something of that kind; and she stared at me with the most delightful wonder.

"How can you ask me anything so foolish!" pouted Dora. "Love a beggar!"

"Dora, my own dearest!" said I. "*I am a beggar!*"

"How can you be such a silly thing," replied Dora, slapping my hand, "as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you!"

Her childish way was the most delicious way in the world to me, but it was necessary to be explicit, and I solemnly repeated:

"Dora, my own life, I am your ruined David!"

"I declare I'll make Jip bite you!" said Dora, shaking her curls, "if you are so ridiculous."

But I looked so serious, that Dora left off shaking her curls, and laid her trembling little hand upon my shoulder, and first looked scared and anxious, then began to cry. That was dreadful. I fell upon my knees before the sofa, caressing her, and imploring her not to rend my heart; but, for some time, poor little Dora did nothing but exclaim Oh dear! oh dear! And oh, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills! And oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself.

At last, after an agony of supplication and protestation, I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expression of face, which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine. Then I told her, with my arms clasped round her, how I loved her, so dearly, and so dearly; how I felt it right to offer to release her from her engagement, because now I was poor; how I never could bear it, or recover it, if I lost her; how I had no fears of poverty, if she had none, my arm being nerved and my heart inspired by her; how I was already working with a courage such as none but lovers knew; how I had begun to be practical, and to look into the future; how a crust well earned was sweeter far than a feast inherited; and much more to the same purpose, which I delivered in a burst of passionate eloquence quite surprising to myself, though I had been thinking about it, day and night, ever since my aunt had astonished me.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?" said I, rapturously, for I knew by her clinging to me that it was.

"Oh, yes!" cried Dora. "Oh, yes, it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful!"

*I dreadful! To Dora!*

"Don't talk about being poor, and working hard!" said Dora, nestling closer to me. "Oh, don't, don't!"

"My dearest love," said I, "the crust well-earned—"



few days so faint-hearted, that rather than encounter my aunt upon the staircase, she would endeavour to hide her portly form behind doors—leaving visible, however, a wide margin of flannel petticoat—or would shrink into dark corners. This gave my aunt such unspeakable satisfaction, that I believe she took a delight in prowling up and down, with her bonnet insantly perched on the top of her head, at times when Mrs. Crupp was likely to be in the way.

My aunt, being uncommonly neat and ingenious, made so many little improvements in our domestic arrangements, that I seemed to be richer instead of poorer. Among the rest, she converted the pantry into a dressing-room for me; and purchased and embellished a bedstead for my occupation, which looked as like a bookcase in the daytime, as a bedstead could. I was the object of her constant solicitude; and my poor mother herself could not have loved me better, or studied more how to make me happy.

Peggotty had considered herself highly privileged in being allowed to participate in these labors; and, although she still retained something of her old sentiment of awe in reference to my aunt, had received so many marks of encouragement and confidence, that they were the best friends possible. But the time had now come (I am speaking of the Saturday when I was to take tea at Miss Mills's) when it was necessary for her to return home, and enter on the discharge of the duties she had undertaken in behalf of Ham. "So good bye, Barkis," said my aunt, "and take care of yourself! I am sure I never thought I could be sorry to lose you!"

I took Peggotty to the coach-office, and saw her off. She cried at parting, and confided her brother to my friendship as Ham had done. We had heard nothing of him since he went away, that sunny afternoon.

"And now, my own dear Davy," said Peggotty, "if, while you're a prentice, you should want any money to spend; or if, when you're out of your time, my dear, you should want any to set you up (and you must do one or other, or both, my darling); who has such a good right to ask leave to lend it you, as my sweet girl's own old stupid me!"

I was not so savagely independent as to say anything in reply, but that if ever I borrowed money of anyone, I would borrow it of her. Next to accepting a large sum on the spot, I believe this gave Peggotty more comfort than anything I could have done.

"And, my dear!" whispered Peggotty, "tell the pretty little angel that I should so have liked to see her, only for a minute! And tell her that before she marries my boy, I'll come and make your house so beautiful for you, if you'll let me!"

I declared that nobody else should touch it; and this gave Peggotty such delight that she went away in good spirits.

I fatigued myself as much as I possibly could in the Commons all day, by a variety of devices, and at the appointed time in the evening repaired to Mr. Mills's street. Mr. Mills, who was a terrible fellow to fall asleep after dinner, had not yet gone out, and there was no birdcage in the middle window.

He kept me waiting so long, that I fervently hoped the Club would fine him for being late. At last he came out; and then I saw my own Dora hang up the birdcage, and peep into the balcony to look for me, and run in again when she saw I was there, while Jip remained behind, to bark

ten, eleven and a half; and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know that I can once more walk erect before my fellow man!"

With this introduction (which greatly affected him), Mr. Micawber placed his I. O. U. in the hands of Traddles, and said he wished him well in every relation of life. I am persuaded, not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had had time to think about it.

Mr. Micawber walked so erect before his fellow man, on the strength of this virtuous action, that his chest looked half as broad again when he lighted us down stairs. We parted with great heartiness on both sides; and when I had seen Traddles to his own door, and was going home alone, I thought, among the other odd and contradictory things I mused upon, that, slippery as Mr. Micawber was, I was probably indebted to some compassionate recollection he retained of me as his boy-lodger, for never having been asked by him for money. I certainly should not have had the moral courage to refuse it; and I have no doubt he knew that (to his credit be it written), quite as well as I did.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A LITTLE COLD WATER.

My new life had lasted for more than a week, and I was stronger than ever in those tremendous practical resolutions that I felt the crisis required. I continued to walk extremely fast, and to have a general idea that I was getting on. I made it a rule to take as much out of myself as I possibly could, in my way of doing everything to which I applied my energies. I made a perfect victim of myself. I even entertained some idea of putting myself on a vegetable diet, vaguely conceiving that, in becoming a graminivorous animal, I should sacrifice to Dora.

As yet, little Dora was quite unconscious of my desperate firmness, otherwise than as my letters darkly shadowed it forth. But, another Saturday came, and on that Saturday evening she was to be at Miss Mills's; and when Mr. Mills had gone to his whist-club (telegraphed to me in the street, by a bird-cage in the drawing-room middle window), I was to go there to tea.

By this time, we were quite settled down in Buckingham Street, where Mr. Dick continued his copying in a state of absolute felicity. My aunt had obtained a signal victory over Mrs. Crupp, by paying her off, throwing the first pitcher she planted on the stairs out of window, and protecting in person, up and down the staircase, a supernumerary whom she engaged from the outer world. These vigorous measures struck such terror to the breast of Mrs. Crupp, that she subsided into her own kitchen, under the impression that my aunt was mad. My aunt being supremely indifferent to Mrs. Crupp's opinion and everybody else's, and rather favoring than discouraging the idea, Mrs. Crupp, of late the bold, became within a



wishing our friends health, happiness, and success in their new career. I begged Mr. Micawber to fill us bumpers, and proposed the toast in due form: shaking hands with him across the table, and kissing Mrs. Micawber, to commemorate that eventful occasion. Traddles imitated me in the first particular, but did not consider himself a sufficiently old friend to venture on the second.

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, rising with one of his thumbs in each of his waistcoat pockets, "the companion of my youth: if I may be allowed the expression—and my esteemed friend Traddles: if I may be permitted to call him so—will allow me, on the part of Mrs. Micawber, myself, and our offspring, to thank them in the warmest and most unpromising terms for their good wishes. It may be expected that on the eve of a migration which will consign us to a perfectly new existence," Mr. Micawber spoke as if they were going five hundred thousand miles, "I should offer a few valedictory remarks to two such friends as I see before me. But all that I have to say in this way, I have said. Whatever station in society I may attain, through the medium of the learned profession of which I am about to become an unworthy member, I shall endeavour not to disgrace, and Mrs. Micawber will be safe to adorn. Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances, I have been under the necessity of assuming a garb from which my natural instincts recoil—I allude to spectacles—and possessing myself of a cognomen, to which I can establish no legitimate pretensions. All I have to say on that score is, that the cloud has passed from the dreary scene, and the God of Day is once more high upon the mountain tops. On Monday next, on the arrival of the four o'clock afternoon coach at Canterbury, my foot will be on my native heath—my name, Micawber!"

Mr. Micawber resumed his seat on the close of these remarks, and drank two glasses of punch in grave succession. He then said with much solemnity:

"One thing more I have to do, before this separation is complete, and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two several occasions, 'put his name,' if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfilment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation," here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers, "was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total?"

I did so and found it correct.

"To leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have, therefore, prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document, which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles my I. O. U. for forty-one,

"Why, the plain state of the case, Mrs. Micawber," said Traddles, mildly breaking the truth to her, "I mean the real prosaic fact, you know—"

"Just so," said Mrs. Micawber, "my dear Mr. Traddles, I wish to be as prosaic and literal as possible on a subject of so much importance."

"—Is," said Traddles, "that this branch of the law, even if Mr. Micawber were a regular solicitor—"

"Exactly so," returned Mrs. Micawber. ("Wilkins, you are squinting, and will not be able to get your eyes back.")

"—Has nothing," pursued Traddles, "to do with that. Only a barrister is eligible for such preferments; and Mr. Micawber could not be a barrister, without being entered at an inn of court as a student, for five years."

"Do I follow you?" said Mrs. Micawber, with her most affable air of business. "Do I understand, my dear Mr. Traddles, that, at the expiration of that period, Mr. Micawber would be eligible as a Judge or Chancellor?"

"He would be *eligible*," returned Traddles, with a strong emphasis on that word."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Micawber. "That is quite sufficient. If such is the case, and Mr. Micawber forfeits no privilege by entering on these duties, my anxiety is set at rest. I speak," said Mrs. Micawber, "as a female, necessarily; but I have always been of opinion that Mr. Micawber possesses what I have heard my papa call, when I lived at home, the judicial mind; and I hope Mr. Micawber is now entering on a field where that mind will develop itself, and take a commanding station."

I quite believe that Mr. Micawber saw himself, in his judicial mind's eye, on the woolsack. He passed his hand complacently over his bald head, and said with ostentatious resignation:

"My dear, we will not anticipate the decrees of fortune. If I am reserved to wear a wig, I am at least prepared, externally," in allusion to his baldness, "for that distinction. I do not," said Mr. Micawber, "regret my hair, and I may have been deprived of it for a specific purpose. I cannot say. It is my intention, my dear Copperfield, to educate my son for the Church; I will not deny that I should be happy, on his account, to attain to eminence."

"For the Church?" said I, still pondering, betweenwhiles, on Uriah Heep.

"Yes," said Mr. Micawber. "He has a remarkable head-voice, and will commence as a chorister. Our residence at Canterbury, and our local connexion, will, no doubt, enable him to take advantage of any vacancy that may arise in the Cathedral corps."

On looking at Master Micawber again, I saw that he had a certain expression of face, as if his voice were behind his eyebrows; where it presently appeared to be, on his singing us (as an alternative between that and bed) "The Wood-Pecker tapping." After many compliments on this performance, we fell into some general conversation; and as I was too full of my desperate intentions to keep my altered circumstances to myself, I made them known to Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. I cannot express how extremely delighted they both were, by the idea of my aunt's being in difficulties; and how comfortable and friendly it made them.

When we were nearly come to the last round of the punch, I addressed myself to Traddles, and reminded him that we must not separate, without



I stared at Mr. Micawber, who greatly enjoyed my surprise.

"I am bound to state to you," he said, with an official air, "that the business habits, and the prudent suggestions, of Mrs. Micawber, have in a great measure conduced to this result. The gauntlet, to which Mrs. Micawber referred upon a former occasion, being thrown down in the form of an advertisement, was taken up by my friend Heep, and led to a mutual recognition. Of my friend Heep," said Mr. Micawber, "who is a man of remarkable shrewdness, I desire to speak with all possible respect. My friend Heep has not fixed the positive remuneration at too high a figure, but he has made a great deal, in the way of extrication from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, contingent on the value of my services; and on the value of those services I pin my faith. Such address and intelligence as I chance to possess," said Mr. Micawber, boastfully disparaging himself, with the old genteel air, "will be devoted to my friend Heep's service. I have already some acquaintance with the law—as a defendant on civil process—and I shall immediately apply myself to the Commentaries of one of the most eminent and remarkable of our English Jurists. I believe it is unnecessary to add that I allude to Mr. Justice Blackstone."

These observations, and indeed the greater part of the observations made that evening, were interrupted by Mrs. Micawber's discovering that Master Micawber was sitting on his boots, or holding his head on with both arms as if he felt it loose, or accidentally kicking Traddles under the table, or shuffling his feet over one another, or producing them at distances from himself apparently outrageous to nature, or lying sideways with his hair among the wine-glasses, or developing his restlessness of limb in some other form incompatible with the general interests of society; and by Master Micawber's receiving those discoveries in a resentful spirit. I sat all the while, amazed by Mr. Micawber's disclosure, and wondering what it meant; until Mrs. Micawber resumed the thread of the discourse, and claimed my attention.

"What I particularly request Mr. Micawber to be careful of, is," said Mrs. Micawber, "that he does not, my dear Mr. Copperfield, in applying himself to this subordinate branch of the law, place it out of his power to rise, ultimately, to the top of the tree. I am convinced that Mr. Micawber, giving his mind to a profession so adapted to his fertile resources, and his flow of language, *must* distinguish himself. Now, for example, Mr. Traddles," said Mrs. Micawber, assuming a profound air, "a Judge, or even say a Chancellor. Does an individual place himself beyond the pale of those preferments by entering on such an office as Mr. Micawber has accepted?"

"My dear," observed Mr. Micawber—but glancing inquisitively at Traddles, too; "we have time enough before us, for the consideration of those questions."

"Micawber," she returned, "no! Your mistake in life is, that you do not look forward far enough. You are bound, in justice to your family, if not to yourself, to take in at a comprehensive glance the extremest point in the horizon to which your abilities may lead you."

Mr. Micawber coughed, and drank his punch with an air of exceeding satisfaction—still glancing at Traddles, as if he desired to have his opinion.

family sitting-room, where Mr. Micawber had prepared, in a wash-hand-stand jug, what he called "a Brew" of the agreeable beverage for which he was famous. I had the pleasure, on this occasion, of renewing the acquaintance of Master Micawber, whom I found a promising boy of about twelve or thirteen, very subject to that restlessness of limb which is not an unfrequent phenomenon in youths of his age. I also became once more known to his sister, Miss Micawber, in whom, as Mr. Micawber told us, "her mother renewed her youth, like the Phoenix."

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "yourself and Mr. Traddles find us on the brink of migration, and will excuse any little discomforts incidental to that position."

Glancing round as I made a suitable reply, I observed that the family effects were already packed, and that the amount of luggage was by no means overwhelming. I congratulated Mrs. Micawber on the approaching change.

"My dear Mr. Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "of your friendly interest in all our affairs, I am well assured. My family may consider it banishment, if they please; but I am a wife and mother, and I never will desert Mr. Micawber."

Traddles, appealed to, by Mrs. Micawber's eye, feelingly acquiesced.

"That," said Mrs. Micawber, "that, at least, is my view, my dear Mr. Copperfield and Mr. Traddles, of the obligation which I took upon myself when I repeated the irrevocable words, 'I, Emma, take thee, Wilkins.' I read the service over with a flat-candle on the previous night, and the conclusion I derived from it was, that I never could desert Mr. Micawber. And," said Mrs. Micawber, "though it is possible I may be mistaken in my view of the ceremony, I never will!"

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, a little impatiently, "I am not conscious that you are expected to do any thing of the sort."

"I am aware, my dear Mr. Copperfield," pursued Mrs. Micawber, "that I am now about to cast my lot among strangers; and I am also aware that the various members of my family, to whom Mr. Micawber has written in the most gentlemanly terms, announcing that fact, have not taken the least notice of Mr. Micawber's communication. Indeed I may be superstitious," said Mrs. Micawber, "but it appears to me that Mr. Micawber is destined never to receive any answers whatever to the great majority of the communications he writes. I may augur, from the silence of my family, that they object to the resolution I have taken; but I should not allow myself to be swerved from the path of duty, Mr. Copperfield, even by my papa and mama, were they still living."

I expressed my opinion that this was going in the right direction.

"It may be a sacrifice," said Mrs. Micawber, "to immure one's-self in a Cathedral town; but surely, Mr. Copperfield, if it is a sacrifice in me, it is much more a sacrifice in a man of Mr. Micawber's abilities."

"Oh! You are going to a Cathedral town?" said I.

Mr. Micawber, who had been helping us all, out of the wash-hand-stand jug, replied:

"To Canterbury. In fact, my dear Copperfield, I have entered into arrangements, by virtue of which I stand pledged and contracted to our friend Heep, to assist and serve him in the capacity of—and to be—his confidential clerk."



to change this treasure into sixpences, or his bringing them to my aunt arranged in the form of a heart upon a waiter, with tears of joy and pride in his eyes. He was like one under the propitious influence of a charm, from the moment of his being usefully employed; and if there were a happy man in the world, that Saturday night, it was the grateful creature who thought my aunt the most wonderful woman in existence, and me the most wonderful young man.

"No starving now, Trotwood," said Mr. Dick, shaking hands with me in a corner. "I'll provide for her, sir!" and he flourished his ten fingers in the air, as if they were ten banks.

I hardly know which was the better pleased, Traddles or I. "It really," said Traddles, suddenly, taking a letter out of his pocket, and giving it to me, "put Mr. Micawber quite out of my head!"

The letter (Mr. Micawber never missed any possible opportunity of writing a letter) was addressed to me, "By the kindness of T. Traddles, Esquire, of the Inner Temple." It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR COPPERFIELD,

"You may possibly not be unprepared to receive the intimation that something has turned up. I may have mentioned to you on a former occasion that I was in expectation of such an event.

"I am about to establish myself in one of the provincial towns of our favored island, (where the society may be described as a happy admixture of the agricultural and the clerical), in immediate connexion with one of the learned professions. Mrs. Micawber and our offspring will accompany me. Our ashes, at a future period, will probably be found commingled in the cemetery attached to a venerable pile, for which the spot to which I refer, has acquired a reputation, shall I say from China to Peru?

"In bidding adieu to the modern Babylon, where we have undergone many vicissitudes, I trust not ignobly, Mrs. Micawber and myself cannot disguise from our minds that we part, it may be for years and it may be for ever, with an individual linked by strong associations to the altar of our domestic life. If, on the eve of such a departure, you will accompany our mutual friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, to our present abode, and there reciprocate the wishes natural to the occasion, you will confer a Boon

"On

"One

"Who

"Is

"Ever yours,

"WILKINS MICAWBER."

I was glad to find that Mr. Micawber had got rid of his dust and ashes, and that something really had turned up at last. Learning from Traddles that the invitation referred to the evening then wearing away, I expressed my readiness to do honor to it; and we went off together to the lodging which Mr. Micawber occupied as Mr. Mortimer, and which was situated near the top of the Gray's Inn Road.

The resources of this lodging were so limited, that we found the twins, now some eight or nine years old, reposing in a turn-up bedstead in the

"I'll buy a book," said I, "with a good scheme of this art in it; I'll work at it at the Commons, where I haven't half enough to do; I'll take down the speeches in our court for practice—Traddles, my dear fellow, I'll master it!"

"Dear me," said Traddles, opening his eyes, "I had no idea you were such a determined character, Copperfield!"

I don't know how he should have had, for it was new enough to me. I passed that off, and brought Mr. Dick on the carpet.

"You see," said Mr. Dick, wistfully, "if I could exert myself, Mr. Traddles—if I could beat a drum—or blow anything!"

Poor fellow! I have little doubt he would have preferred such an employment in his heart to all others. Traddles, who would not have smiled for the world, replied composedly:

"But you are a very good penman, sir. You told me so, Copperfield?"

"Excellent!" said I. And indeed he was. He wrote with extraordinary neatness.

"Don't you think," said Traddles, "you could copy writings, sir, if I got them for you?"

Mr. Dick looked doubtfully at me. "Eh, Trotwood?"

I shook my head. Mr. Dick shook his, and sighed. "Tell him about the Memorial," said Mr. Dick.

I explained to Traddles that there was a difficulty in keeping King Charles the First out of Mr. Dick's manuscripts; Mr. Dick in the meanwhile looking very deferentially and seriously at Traddles, and sucking his thumb.

"But these writings, you know, that I speak of, are already drawn up and finished," said Traddles after a little consideration. "Mr. Dick has nothing to do with them. Wouldn't that make a difference, Copperfield? At all events wouldn't it be well to try?"

This gave us new hope. Traddles and I laying our heads together apart, while Mr. Dick anxiously watched us from his chair, we concocted a scheme in virtue of which we got him to work next day, with triumphant success.

On a table by the window in Buckingham Street, we set out the work Traddles procured for him—which was to make, I forget how many copies of a legal document about some right of way—and on another table we spread the last unfinished original of the great Memorial. Our instructions to Mr. Dick were that he should copy exactly what he had before him, without the least departure from the original; and that when he felt it necessary to make the slightest allusion to King Charles the First, he should fly to the Memorial. We exhorted him to be resolute in this, and left my aunt to observe him. My aunt reported to us, afterwards, that, at first, he was like a man playing the kettle-drums, and constantly divided his attentions between the two; but that, finding this confuse and fatigue him, and having his copy there, plainly before his eyes, he soon sat at it in an orderly business-like manner, and postponed the Memorial to a more convenient time. In a word, although we took great care that he should have no more to do than was good for him, and although he did not begin with the beginning of a week, he earned by the following Saturday night ten shillings and nine pence; and never, while I live, shall I forget his going about to all the shops in the neighbourhood



more I tired myself, the more I was doing to deserve Dora. I had not revealed myself in my altered character to Dora yet, because she was coming to see Miss Mills in a few days, and I deferred all I had to tell her until then; merely informing her in my letters (all our communications were secretly forwarded through Miss Mills), that I had much to tell her. In the meantime, I put myself on a short allowance of bear's grease, wholly abandoned scented soap and lavender water, and sold off three waistcoats at a prodigious sacrifice, as being too luxurious for my stern career.

Not satisfied with all these proceedings, but burning with impatience to do something more, I went to see Traddles, now lodging up behind the parapet of a house in Castle Street, Holborn. Mr. Dick, who had been with me to Highgate twice already, and had resumed his companionship with the Doctor, I took with me.

I took Mr. Dick with me, because, acutely sensitive to my aunt's reverses, and sincerely believing that no galley-slave or convict worked as I did, he had begun to fret and worry himself out of spirits and appetite, as having nothing useful to do. In this condition, he felt more incapable of finishing the Memorial than ever; and the harder he worked at it, the oftener that unlucky head of King Charles the First got into it. Seriously apprehending that his malady would increase, unless we put some innocent deception upon him and caused him to believe that he was useful, or unless we could put him in the way of being really useful (which would be better), I made up my mind to try if Traddles could help us. Before we went, I wrote Traddles a full statement of all that had happened, and Traddles wrote me back a capital answer, expressive of his sympathy and friendship.

We found him hard at work with his inkstand and papers, refreshed by the sight of the flowerpot-stand and the little round table in a corner of the small apartment. He received us cordially, and made friends with Mr. Dick in a moment. Mr. Dick professed an absolute certainty of having seen him before, and we both said, "Very likely."

The first subject on which I had to consult Traddles was this.—I had heard that many men distinguished in various pursuits had begun life by reporting the debates in Parliament. Traddles having mentioned newspapers to me, as one of his hopes, I had put the two things together, and told Traddles in my letter that I wished to know how I could qualify myself for this pursuit. Traddles now informed me, as the result of his inquiries, that the mere mechanical acquisition necessary, except in rare cases, for thorough excellence in it, that is to say, a perfect and entire command of the mystery of short-hand writing and reading, was about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages; and that it might perhaps be attained, by dint of perseverance, in the course of a few years. Traddles reasonably supposed that this would settle the business; but I, only feeling that here indeed were a few tall trees to be hewn down, immediately resolved to work my way on to Dora through this thicket, axe in hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Traddles!" said I. "I'll begin to-morrow."

Traddles looked astonished, as he well might; but he had no notion as yet of my rapturous condition.

A display of indifference to all the actions and passions of mankind was not supposed to be such a distinguished quality at that time, I think, as I have observed it to be considered since. I have known it very fashionable indeed. I have seen it displayed with such success, that I have encountered some fine ladies and gentlemen who might as well have been born caterpillars. Perhaps it impressed me the more then, because it was new to me, but it certainly did not tend to exalt my opinion of, or to strengthen my confidence in, Mr. Jack Maldon.

"I came out to inquire whether Annie would like to go to the opera to-night," said Mr. Maldon, turning to her. "It's the last good night there will be, this season; and there's a singer there, whom she really ought to hear. She is perfectly exquisite. Besides which, she is so charmingly ugly," relapsing into languor.

The Doctor, ever pleased with what was likely to please his young wife, turned to her and said:

"You must go, Annie. You must go."

"I would rather not," she said to the Doctor. "I prefer to remain at home. I would much rather remain at home."

Without looking at her cousin, she then addressed me, and asked me about Agnes, and whether she should see her, and whether she was not likely to come that day; and was so much disturbed, that I wondered how even the Doctor, buttering his toast, could be blind to what was so obvious.

But he saw nothing. He told her, good-naturedly, that she was young and ought to be amused and entertained, and must not allow herself to be made dull by a dull old fellow. Moreover, he said, he wanted to hear her sing all the new singer's songs to him; and how could she do that well, unless she went? So the Doctor persisted in making the engagement for her, and Mr. Jack Maldon was to come back to dinner. This concluded, he went to his Patent place, I suppose; but at all events went away on his horse, looking very idle.

I was curious to find out next morning, whether she had been. She had not, but had sent into London to put her cousin off; and had gone out in the afternoon to see Agnes, and had prevailed upon the Doctor to go with her; and they had walked home by the fields, the Doctor told me, the evening being delightful. I wondered then, whether she would have gone if Agnes had not been in town, and whether Agnes had some good influence over her too!

She did not look very happy, I thought; but it was a good face, or a very false one. I often glanced at it, for she sat in the window all the time we were at work; and made our breakfast, which we took by snatches as we were employed. When I left, at nine o'clock, she was kneeling on the ground at the Doctor's feet, putting on his shoes and gaiters for him. There was a softened shade upon her face, thrown from some green leaves overhanging the open window of the low room; and I thought all the way to Doctors' Commons, of the night when I had seen it looking at him as he read.

I was pretty busy now; up at five in the morning, and home at nine or ten at night. But I had infinite satisfaction in being so closely engaged, and never walked slowly on any account, and felt enthusiastically that the



How could it be anything else! His pockets were as full of it as his head. It was sticking out of him in all directions. He told me that since his retirement from scholastic life, he had been advancing with it wonderfully; and that nothing could suit him better than the proposed arrangements for morning and evening work, as it was his custom to walk about in the day-time with his considering cap on. His papers were in a little confusion, in consequence of Mr. Jack Maldon having lately proffered his occasional services as an amanuensis, and not being accustomed to that occupation; but we should soon put right what was amiss, and go on swimmingly. Afterwards, when we were fairly at our work, I found Mr. Jack Maldon's efforts more troublesome to me than I had expected, as he had not confined himself to making numerous mistakes, but had sketched so many soldiers, and ladies' heads, over the Doctor's manuscript, that I often became involved in labyrinths of obscurity.

The Doctor was quite happy in the prospect of our going to work together on that wonderful performance, and we settled to begin next morning at seven o'clock. We were to work two hours every morning, and two or three hours every night, except on Saturdays, when I was to rest. On Sundays, of course, I was to rest also, and I considered these very easy terms.

Our plans being thus arranged to our mutual satisfaction, the Doctor took me into the house to present me to Mrs. Strong, whom we found in the Doctor's new study, dusting his books,—a freedom which he never permitted anybody else to take with those sacred favorites.

They had postponed their breakfast on my account, and we sat down to table together. We had not been seated long, when I saw an approaching arrival in Mrs. Strong's face, before I heard any sound of it. A gentleman on horseback came to the gate, and, leading his horse into the little court, with the bridle over his arm, as if he were quite at home, tied him to a ring in the empty coach-house wall, and came into the breakfast parlor, whip in hand. It was Mr. Jack Maldon; and Mr. Jack Maldon was not at all improved by India, I thought. I was in a state of ferocious virtue, however, as to young men who were not cutting down the trees in the forest of difficulty; and my impression must be received with due allowance.

"Mr. Jack!" said the Doctor, "Copperfield!"

Mr. Jack Maldon shook hands with me; but not very warmly, I believed; and with an air of languid patronage, at which I secretly took great umbrage. But his languor altogether was quite a wonderful sight; except when he addressed himself to his cousin Annie.

"Have you breakfasted this morning, Mr. Jack?" said the Doctor.

"I hardly ever take breakfast, sir," he replied, with his head thrown back in an easy chair. "I find it bores me."

"Is there any news to-day?" inquired the Doctor.

"Nothing at all, sir," replied Mr. Maldon. "There's an account about the people being hungry and discontented down in the North, but they are always being hungry and discontented somewhere."

The Doctor looked grave, and said, as though he wished to change the subject, "Then there's no news at all; and no news, they say, is good news."

"There's a long statement in the papers, sir, about a murder," observed Mr. Maldon. "But somebody is always being murdered, and I didn't read it."

"From India?" said the Doctor. "Yes. Mr. Jack Maldon couldn't bear the climate, my dear. Mrs. Markleham—you have not forgotten Mrs. Markleham?"

Forgotten the Old Soldier! And in that short time!

"Mrs. Markleham," said the Doctor, "was quite vexed about him, poor thing; so we have got him at home again; and we have bought him a little Patent place, which agrees with him much better."

I knew enough of Mr. Jack Maldon to suspect from this account that it was a place where there was not much to do, and which was pretty well paid. The Doctor, walking up and down with his hand on my shoulder, and his kind face turned encouragingly to mine, went on:

"Now, my dear Copperfield, in reference to this proposal of yours. It's very gratifying and agreeable to me, I am sure; but don't you think you could do better? You achieved distinction, you know, when you were with us. You are qualified for many good things. You have laid a foundation that any edifice may be raised upon; and is it not a pity that you should devote the spring-time of your life to such a poor pursuit as I can offer?"

I became very glowing again, and, expressing myself in a rhapsodical style, I am afraid, urged my request strongly; reminding the Doctor that I had already a profession.

"Well, well," returned the Doctor, "that's true. Certainly, your having a profession, and being actually engaged in studying it, makes a difference. But, my good young friend, what's seventy pounds a-year?"

"It doubles our income, Doctor Strong," said I.

"Dear me!" replied the Doctor. "To think of that! Not that I mean to say it's rigidly limited to seventy pounds a-year, because I have always contemplated making any young friend I might thus employ, a present too. Undoubtedly," said the Doctor, still walking me up and down with his hand on my shoulder, "I have always taken an annual present into account."

"My dear tutor," said I (now, really, without any nonsense), "to whom I owe more obligations already than I ever can acknowledge—"

"No, no," interposed the Doctor. "Pardon me!"

"If you will take such time as I have, and that is my mornings and evenings, and can think it worth seventy pounds a-year, you will do me such a service as I cannot express."

"Dear me!" said the Doctor, innocently. "To think that so little should go for so much! Dear, dear! And when you can do better, you will? On your word, now?" said the Doctor,—which he had always made a very grave appeal to the honor of us boys.

"On my word, sir!" I returned, answering in our old school manner.

"Then be it so!" said the Doctor, clapping me on the shoulder, and still keeping his hand there, as we still walked up and down.

"And I shall be twenty times happier, sir," said I, with a little—I hope innocent—flattery, "if my employment is to be on the Dictionary."

The Doctor stopped, smilingly clapped me on the shoulder again, and exclaimed, with a triumph most delightful to behold, as if I had penetrated to the profoundest depths of mortal sagacity, "My dear young friend, you have hit it. It is the Dictionary!"



I don't know how much. In this state, I went into a cottage that I saw was to let, and examined it narrowly,—for I felt it necessary to be practical. It would do for me and Dora admirably: with a little front garden for Jip to run about in, and bark at the tradespeople through the railings, and a capital room up-stairs for my aunt. I came out again, hotter and faster than ever, and dashed up to Highgate, at such a rate that I was there an hour too early; and, though I had not been, should have been obliged to stroll about to cool myself, before I was at all presentable.

My first care, after putting myself under this necessary course of preparation, was to find the Doctor's house. It was not in that part of Highgate where Mrs. Steerforth lived, but quite on the opposite side of the little town. When I had made this discovery, I went back, in an attraction I could not resist, to a lane by Mrs. Steerforth's, and looked over the corner of the garden wall. His room was shut up close. The conservatory doors were standing open, and Rosa Dartle was walking, bareheaded, with a quick, impetuous step, up and down a gravel walk on one side of the lawn. She gave me the idea of some fierce thing, that was dragging the length of its chain to and fro upon a beaten track, and wearing its heart out.

I came softly away from my place of observation, and avoiding that part of the neighbourhood, and wishing I had not gone near it, strolled about until it was ten o'clock. The church with the slender spire, that stands on the top of the hill now, was not there then to tell me the time. An old red-brick mansion, used as a school, was in its place; and a fine old house it must have been to go to school at, as I recollect it.

When I approached the Doctor's cottage—a pretty old place, on which he seemed to have expended some money, if I might judge from the embellishments and repairs that had the look of being just completed—I saw him walking in the garden at the side, gaiters and all, as if he had never left off walking since the days of my pupilage. He had his old companions about him, too; for there were plenty of high trees in the neighbourhood, and too or three rooks were on the grass, looking after him, as if they had been written to about him by the Canterbury rooks, and were observing him closely in consequence.

Knowing the utter hopelessness of attracting his attention from that distance, I made bold to open the gate, and walk after him, so as to meet him when he should turn round. When he did, and came towards me, he looked at me thoughtfully for a few moments, evidently without thinking about me at all; and then his benevolent face expressed extraordinary pleasure, and he took me by both hands.

"Why, my dear Copperfield," said the Doctor; "you are a man! How do you do? I am delighted to see you. My dear Copperfield, how very much you have improved! You are quite—yes—dear me!"

I hoped he was well, and Mrs. Strong too.

"Oh dear, yes!" said the Doctor; "Annie's quite well, and she'll be delighted to see you. You were always her favorite. She said so, last night, when I showed her your letter. And—yes to be sure—you recollect Mr. Jack Maldon, Copperfield?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Of course," said the Doctor. "To be sure. *He's* pretty well, too."

"Has he come home, sir?" I inquired.

I pray Heaven that I never may forget the dear girl in her love and truth, at that time of my life; for if I should, I must be drawing near the end, and then I would desire to remember her best! She filled my heart with such good resolutions, strengthened my weakness so, by her example, so directed—I know not how, she was too modest and gentle to advise me in many words—the wandering ardor and unsettled purpose within me, that all the little good I have done, and all the harm I have forborne, I solemnly believe I may refer to her.

And how she spoke to me of Dora, sitting at the window in the dark; listened to my praises of her; praised again; and round the little fairy-figure shed some glimpses of her own pure light, that made it yet more precious and more innocent to me! Oh, Agnes, sister of my boyhood, if I had known then, what I knew long afterwards!—

There was a beggar in the street, when I went down; and as I turned my head towards the window, thinking of her calm, seraphic eyes, he made me start by muttering, as if he were an echo of the morning:

“Blind! Blind! Blind!”

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ENTHUSIASM.

I BEGAN the next day with another dive into the Roman bath, and then started for Highgate. I was not dispirited now. I was not afraid of the shabby coat, and had no yearnings after gallant greys. My whole manner of thinking of our late misfortune was changed. What I had to do, was, to show my aunt that her past goodness to me had not been thrown away on an insensible, ungrateful object. What I had to do, was, to turn the painful discipline of my younger days to account, by going to work with a resolute and steady heart. What I had to do, was, to take my woodman's axe in my hand, and clear my own way through the forest of difficulty, by cutting down the trees until I came to Dora. And I went on at a mighty rate, as if it could be done by walking.

When I found myself on the familiar Highgate road, pursuing such a different errand from that old one of pleasure, with which it was associated, it seemed as if a complete change had come on my whole life. But that did not discourage me. With the new life, came new purpose, new intention. Great was the labor; priceless the reward. Dora was the reward, and Dora must be won.

I got into such a transport, that I felt quite sorry my coat was not a little shabby already. I wanted to be cutting at those trees in the forest of difficulty, under circumstances that should prove my strength. I had a good mind to ask an old man, in wire spectacles, who was breaking stones upon the road, to lend me his hammer for a little while, and let me begin to beat a path to Dora out of granite. I stimulated myself into such a heat, and got so out of breath, that I felt as if I had been earning



head as if she were making snaps or bounces at him. But, he said to me aside in a meek voice:

"I am well aware, Master Copperfield, that Miss Trotwood, though an excellent lady, has a quick temper (indeed I think I had the pleasure of knowing her, when I was a numble clerk, before you did, Master Copperfield), and it's only natural, I am sure, that it should be made quicker by present circumstances. The wonder is, that it isn't much worse! I only called to say that if there was anything we could do, in present circumstances, mother or self, or Wickfield and Heep, we should be really glad. I may go so far?" said Uriah, with a sickly smile at his partner.

"Uriah Heep," said Mr. Wickfield, in a monotonous forced way, "is active in the business, Trotwood. What he says, I quite concur in. You know I had an old interest in you. Apart from that, what Uriah says I quite concur in!"

"Oh, what a reward it is," said Uriah, drawing up one leg, at the risk of bringing down upon himself another visitation from my aunt, "to be so trusted in! But I hope I am able to do something to relieve him from the fatigues of business, Master Copperfield!"

"Uriah Heep is a great relief to me," said Mr. Wickfield, in the same dull voice. "It's a load off my mind, Trotwood, to have such a partner."

The red fox made him say all this, I knew, to exhibit him to me in the light he had indicated on the night when he poisoned my rest. I saw the same ill-favored smile upon his face again, and saw how he watched me.

"You are not going, papa?" said Agnes, anxiously. "Will you not walk back with Trotwood and me?"

He would have looked to Uriah, I believe, before replying, if that worthy had not anticipated him.

"I am bespoke myself," said Uriah, "on business; otherwise I should have been appy to have kept with my friends. But I leave my partner to represent the firm. Miss Agnes, ever yours! I wish you good-day, Master Copperfield, and leave my umble respects for Miss Betsey Trotwood."

With those words, he retired, kissing his great hand, and leering at us like a mask.

We sat there, talking about our pleasant old Canterbury days, an hour or two. Mr. Wickfield, left to Agnes, soon became more like his former self; though there was a settled depression upon him, which he never shook off. For all that, he brightened; and had an evident pleasure in hearing us recall the little incidents of our old life, many of which he remembered very well. He said it was like those times, to be alone with Agnes and me again; and he wished to Heaven they had never changed. I am sure there was an influence in the placid face of Agnes, and in the very touch of her hand upon his arm, that did wonders for him.

My aunt (who was busy nearly all this while with Peggotty, in the inner room) would not accompany us to the place where they were staying, but insisted on my going; and I went. We dined together. After dinner, Agnes sat beside him, as of old, and poured out his wine. He took what she gave him, and no more—like a child—and we all three sat together at a window as the evening gathered in. When it was almost dark, he lay down on a sofa, Agnes pillowing his head and bending over him a little while; and when she came back to the window, it was not so dark but I could see tears glittering in her eyes.

What my aunt saw, or did not see, I defy the science of physiognomy to have made out, without her own consent. I believe there never was anybody with such an imperturbable countenance when she chose. Her face might have been a dead wall on the occasion in question, for any light it threw upon her thoughts; until she broke silence with her usual abruptness.

"Well, Wickfield!" said my aunt; and he looked up at her for the first time. "I have been telling your daughter how well I have been disposing of my money for myself, because I couldn't trust it to you, as you were growing rusty in business matters. We have been taking counsel together, and getting on very well, all things considered. Agnes is worth the whole firm, in my opinion."

"If I may umbly make the remark," said Uriah Heep, with a writhe, "I fully agree with Miss Betsey Trotwood, and should be only too appy if Miss Agnes was a partner."

"You're a partner yourself, you know," returned my aunt, "and that's about enough for you, I expect. How do you find yourself, sir?"

In acknowledgment of this question, addressed to him with extraordinary curtness, Mr. Heep, uncomfortably clutching the blue bag he carried, replied that he was pretty well, he thanked my aunt, and hoped she was the same.

"And you, Master—I should say, Mister Copperfield," pursued Uriah. "I hope I see you well! I am rejoiced to see you, Mister Copperfield, even under present circumstances." I believed that; for he seemed to relish them very much. "Present circumstances is not what your friends would wish for you, Mister Copperfield, but it isn't money makes the man: it's—I am really unequal with my umble powers to express what it is," said Uriah, with a fawning jerk, "but it isn't money!"

Here he shook hands with me: not in the common way, but standing at a good distance from me, and lifting my hand up and down like a pump handle, that he was a little afraid of.

"And how do you think we are looking, Master Copperfield,—I should say, Mister?" fawned Uriah. "Don't you find Mr. Wickfield blooming, sir? Years don't tell much in our firm, Master Copperfield, except in raising up the umble, namely, mother and self—and in developing," he added as an after-thought, "the beautiful, namely Miss Agnes."

He jerked himself about, after this compliment, in such an intolerable manner, that my aunt, who had sat looking straight at him, lost all patience.

"Deuce take the man!" said my aunt, sternly, "what's he about? Don't be galvanic, sir!"

"I ask your pardon, Miss Trotwood," returned Uriah; "I'm aware you're nervous."

"Go along with you, sir!" said my aunt, anything but appeased. "Don't presume to say so! I am nothing of the sort. If you're an eel, sir, conduct yourself like one. If you're a man, control your limbs, sir! Good God!" said my aunt, with great indignation, "I am not going to be serpentine and corkscrewed out of my senses!"

Mr. Heep was rather abashed, as most people might have been, by this explosion; which derived great additional force from the indignant manner in which my aunt afterwards moved in her chair, and shook her



own bread, than with the hope of earning it under my old master; in short, acting on the advice of Agnes, I sat down and wrote a letter to the Doctor, stating my object, and appointing to call on him next day at ten in the forenoon. This I addressed to Highgate—for in that place, so memorable to me, he lived—and went out and posted, myself, without losing a minute.

Wherever Agnes was, some agreeable token of her noiseless presence seemed inseparable from the place. When I came back, I found my aunt's birds hanging, just as they had hung so long in the parlor window of the cottage; and my easy chair imitating my aunt's much easier chair in its position at the open window; and even the round green fan, which my aunt had brought away with her, screwed on to the window-sill. I knew who had done all this, by its seeming to have quietly done itself; and I should have known in a moment who had arranged my neglected books in the old order of my school days, even if I had supposed Agnes to be miles away, instead of seeing her busy with them, and smiling at the disorder into which they had fallen.

My aunt was quite gracious on the subject of the Thames (it really did look very well with the sun upon it, though not like the sea before the cottage), but she could not relent towards the London smoke, which, she said, "peppered everything." A complete revolution, in which Peggotty bore a prominent part, was being effected in every corner of my rooms, in regard of this pepper; and I was looking on, thinking how little even Peggotty seemed to do with a good deal of bustle, and how much Agnes did without any bustle at all, when a knock came at the door.

"I think," said Agnes, turning pale, "it's papa. He promised me that he would come."

I opened the door, and admitted, not only Mr. Wickfield, but Uriah Heep. I had not seen Mr. Wickfield for some time. I was prepared for a great change in him, after what I had heard from Agnes, but his appearance shocked me.

It was not that he looked many years older, though still dressed with the old scrupulous cleanliness; or that there was an unwholesome ruddiness upon his face; or that his eyes were full and bloodshot; or that there was a nervous trembling in his hand, the cause of which I knew, and had for some years seen at work. It was not that he had lost his good looks, or his old bearing of a gentleman—for that he had not—but the thing that struck me most, was, that with the evidences of his native superiority still upon him, he should submit himself to that crawling impersonation of meanness, Uriah Heep. The reversal of the two natures, in their relative positions, Uriah's of power and Mr. Wickfield's of dependence, was a sight more painful to me than I can express. If I had seen an Ape taking command of a Man, I should hardly have thought it a more degrading spectacle.

He appeared to be only too conscious of it himself. When he came in, he stood still; and with his head bowed, as if he felt it. This was only for a moment; for Agnes softly said to him, "Papa! Here is Miss Trotwood—and Trotwood, whom you have not seen for a long while!" and then he approached, and constrainedly gave my aunt his hand, and shook hands more cordially with me. In the moment's pause I speak of, I saw Uriah's countenance form itself into a most ill-favored smile. Agnes saw it too, I think, for she shrank from him.

another, will produce, say seventy pounds a-year. I think we may safely put it down at that. Well!—That's all we've got," said my aunt; with whom it was an idiosyncrasy, as it is with some horses, to stop very short when she appeared to be in a fair way of going on for a long while.

"Then," said my aunt, after a rest, "there's Dick. He's good for a hundred a-year, but of course that must be expended on himself. I would sooner send him away, though I know I am the only person who appreciates him, than have him, and not spend his money on himself. How can Trot and I do best, upon our means? What do you say, Agnes?"

"I say, aunt," I interposed, "that I must do something!"

"Go for a soldier, do you mean?" returned my aunt, alarmed; "or go to sea? I won't hear of it. You are to be a proctor. We're not going to have any knockings on the head in *this* family, if you please, sir."

I was about to explain that I was not desirous of introducing that mode of provision into the family, when Agnes inquired if my rooms were held for any long term?

"You come to the point, my dear," said my aunt. "They are not to be got rid of, for six months at least, unless they could be underlet, and that I don't believe. The last man died here. Five people out of six *would* die—of course—of that woman in nankeen with the flannel petticoat. I have a little ready money; and I agree with you, the best thing we can do, is, to live the term out here, and get Dick a bed-room hard by."

I thought it my duty to hint at the discomfort my aunt would sustain, from living in a continual state of guerilla warfare with Mrs. Crupp; but she disposed of that objection summarily by declaring, that, on the first demonstration of hostilities, she was prepared to astonish Mrs. Crupp for the whole remainder of her natural life.

"I have been thinking, Trotwood," said Agnes, diffidently, "that if you had time—"

"I have a good deal of time, Agnes. I am always disengaged after four or five o'clock, and I have time early in the morning. In one way and another," said I, conscious of reddening a little as I thought of the hours and hours I had devoted to fagging about town, and to and fro upon the Norwood Road, "I have abundance of time."

"I know you would not mind," said Agnes, coming to me, and speaking in a low voice, so full of sweet and hopeful consideration that I hear it now, "the duties of a secretary."

"Mind, my dear Agnes?"

"Because," continued Agnes, "Doctor Strong has acted on his intention of retiring, and has come to live in London; and he asked papa, I know, if he could recommend him one. Don't you think he would rather have his favorite old pupil near him, than anybody else?"

"Dear Agnes!" said I. "What should I do without you! You are always my good angel. I told you so. I never think of you in any other light."

Agnes answered with her pleasant laugh, that one good angel (meaning Dora) was enough; and went on to remind me that the Doctor had been used to occupy himself in his study, early in the morning, and in the evening—and that probably my leisure would suit his requirements very well. I was scarcely more delighted with the prospect of earning my



seemed to have her there; how trustfully, although she was so young and inexperienced, my aunt confided in her; how strong she was, indeed, in simple love and truth.

We began to talk about my aunt's losses, and I told them what I had tried to do that morning.

"Which was injudicious, Trot," said my aunt, "but well meant. You are a generous boy—I suppose I must say, young man, now—and I am proud of you, my dear. So far, so good. Now, Trot and Agnes, let us look the case of Betsey Trotwood in the face, and see how it stands."

I observed Agnes turn pale, as she looked very attentively at my aunt. My aunt, patting her cat, looked very attentively at Agnes.

"Betsey Trotwood," said my aunt, "who had always kept her money matters to herself:—"I don't mean your sister, Trot, my dear, but myself—had a certain property. It don't matter how much; enough to live on. More; for she had saved a little, and added to it. Betsey funded her property for some time, and then, by the advice of her man of business, laid it out on landed security. That did very well, and returned very good interest, till Betsey was paid off. I am talking of Betsey as if she was a man-of-war. Well! Then, Betsey had to look about her, for a new investment. She thought she was wiser, now, than her man of business, who was not such a good man of business by this time, as he used to be—I am alluding to your father, Agnes—and she took it into her head to lay it out for herself. So she took her pigs," said my aunt, "to a foreign market; and a very bad market it turned out to be. First, she lost in the mining way, and then she lost in the diving way—fishing up treasure, or some such Tom Tidler nonsense," explained my aunt, rubbing her nose; "and then she lost in the mining way again, and, last of all, to set the thing entirely to rights, she lost in the banking way. I don't know what the Bank shares were worth for a little while," said my aunt; "cent per cent was the lowest of it, I believe; but the Bank was at the other end of the world, and tumbled into space, for what I know; anyhow, it fell to pieces, and never will and never can pay sixpence; and Betsey's sixpences were all there, and there's an end of them. Least said, soonest mended!"

My aunt concluded this philosophical summary, by fixing her eyes with a kind of triumph on Agnes, whose color was gradually returning.

"Dear Miss Trotwood, is that all the history?" said Agnes.

"I hope it's enough, child," said my aunt. "If there had been more money to lose, it wouldn't have been all, I dare say. Betsey would have contrived to throw that after the rest, and make another chapter, I have little doubt. But, there was no more money, and there's no more story."

Agnes had listened at first with suspended breath. Her color still came and went, but she breathed more freely. I thought I knew why. I thought she had had some fear that her unhappy father might be in some way to blame for what had happened. My aunt took her hand in hers, and laughed.

"Is that all?" repeated my aunt. "Why, yes, that's all, except, 'And she lived happy ever afterwards.' Perhaps I may add that of Betsey yet, one of these days. Now, Agnes, you have a wise head. So have you, Trot, in some things, though I can't compliment you always;" and here my aunt shook her own at me, with an energy peculiar to herself. "What's to be done? Here's the cottage, taking one time with

"Mr. Heep and his mother. He sleeps in your old room," said Agnes, looking up into my face.

"I wish I had the ordering of his dreams," said I. "He wouldn't sleep there long."

"I keep my own little room," said Agnes, "where I used to learn my lessons. How the time goes! You remember? The little panelled room that opens from the drawing-room?"

"Remember, Agnes? When I saw you, for the first time, coming out at the door, with your quaint little basket of keys hanging at your side?"

"It is just the same," said Agnes, smiling. "I am glad you think of it so pleasantly. We were very happy."

"We were, indeed," said I.

"I keep that room to myself still; but I cannot always desert Mrs. Heep, you know. And so," said Agnes quietly, "I feel obliged to bear her company, when I might prefer to be alone. But I have no other reason to complain of her. If she tires me, sometimes, by her praises of her son, it is only natural in a mother. He is a very good son to her."

I looked at Agnes when she said these words, without detecting in her any consciousness of Uriah's design. Her mild but earnest eyes met mine with their own beautiful frankness, and there was no change in her gentle face.

"The chief evil of their presence in the house," said Agnes, "is that I cannot be as near papa as I could wish—Uriah Heep being so much between us—and cannot watch over him, if that is not too bold a thing to say, as closely as I would. But, if any fraud or treachery is practising against him, I hope that simple love and truth will be stronger, in the end. I hope that real love and truth are stronger in the end than any evil or misfortune in the world."

A certain bright smile which I never saw on any other face, died away, even while I thought how good it was, and how familiar it had once been to me; and she asked me, with a quick change of expression (we were drawing very near my street), if I knew how the reverse in my aunt's circumstances had been brought about. On my replying no, she had not told me yet, Agnes became thoughtful, and I fancied I felt her arm tremble in mine.

We found my aunt alone, in a state of some excitement. A difference of opinion had arisen between herself and Mrs. Crupp, on an abstract question (the propriety of chambers being inhabited by the gentler sex); and my aunt, utterly indifferent to spasms on the part of Mrs. Crupp, had cut the dispute short, by informing that lady that she smelt of my brandy, and that she would trouble her to walk out. Both of these expressions Mrs. Crupp considered actionable, and had expressed her intention of bringing before a "British Judy"—meaning, it was supposed, the bulwark of our national liberties.

My aunt, however, having had time to cool, while Peggotty was out showing Mr. Dick the soldiers at the Horse Guards—and being, besides, greatly pleased to see Agnes—rather plumed herself on the affair than otherwise, and received us with unimpaired good humour. When Agnes laid her bonnet on the table, and sat down beside her, I could not but think, looking on her mild eyes and her radiant forehead, how natural it



I was completely bewildered between Mr. Spenslow and Mr. Jorkins, as to which of them really was the objecting partner; but I saw with sufficient clearness that there was obduracy somewhere in the firm, and that the recovery of my aunt's thousand pounds was out of the question. In a state of despondency, which I remember with anything but satisfaction, for I know it still had too much reference to myself (though always in connexion with Dora), I left the office, and went homeward.

I was trying to familiarise my mind with the worst, and to present to myself the arrangements we should have to make for the future in their sternest aspect, when a hackney chariot coming after me, and stopping at my very feet, occasioned me to look up. A fair hand was stretched forth to me from the window; and the face I had never seen without a feeling of serenity and happiness, from the moment when it first turned back on the old oak staircase with the great broad balustrade, and when I associated its softened beauty with the stained glass window in the church, was smiling on me.

"Agnes!" I joyfully exclaimed. "Oh, my dear Agnes, of all people in the world, what a pleasure to see you!"

"Is it, indeed?" she said, in her cordial voice.

"I want to talk to you so much!" said I. "It's such a lightening of my heart, only to look at you! If I had had a conjuror's cap, there is no one I should have wished for but you!"

"What?" returned Agnes.

"Well! perhaps Dora, first," I admitted, with a blush.

"Certainly, Dora first, I hope," said Agnes, laughing.

"But you next!" said I. "Where are you going?"

She was going to my rooms to see my aunt. The day being very fine, she was glad to come out of the chariot, which smelt (I had my head in it all this time) like a stable put under a cucumber-frame. I dismissed the coachman, and she took my arm, and we walked on together. She was like Hope embodied, to me. How different I felt in one short minute, having Agnes at my side!

My aunt had written her one of the odd, abrupt notes—very little longer than a Bank note—to which her epistolary efforts were usually limited. She had stated therein that she had fallen into adversity, and was leaving Dover for good, but had quite made up her mind to it, and was so well that nobody need be uncomfortable about her. Agnes had come to London to see my aunt, between whom and herself there had been a mutual liking these many years: indeed, it dated from the time of my taking up my residence in Mr. Wickfield's house. She was not alone, she said. Her papa was with her—and Uriah Heep.

"And now they are partners," said I. "Confound him!"

"Yes," said Agnes. "They have some business here; and I took advantage of their coming, to come too. You must not think my visit all friendly and disinterested, Trotwood, for—I am afraid I may be cruelly prejudiced—I do not like to let papa go away alone, with him."

"Does he exercise the same influence over Mr. Wickfield still, Agnes?"

Agnes shook her head. "There is such a change at home," said she, "that you would scarcely know the dear old house. They live with us now."

"They?" said I.

"Would you object to my mentioning it to him, sir?" I asked.

"By no means," said Mr. Spenlow. "But I have some experience of Mr. Jorkins, Copperfield. I wish it were otherwise, for I should be happy to meet your views in any respect. I cannot have the least objection to your mentioning it to Mr. Jorkins, Copperfield, if you think it worth while."

Availing myself of this permission, which was given with a warm shake of the hand, I sat thinking about Dora, and looking at the sunlight stealing from the chimney-pots down the wall of the opposite house, until Mr. Jorkins came. I then went up to Mr. Jorkins's room, and evidently astonished Mr. Jorkins very much by making my appearance there.

"Come in, Mr. Copperfield," said Mr. Jorkins. "Come in!"

I went in, and sat down; and stated my case to Mr. Jorkins pretty much as I had stated it to Mr. Spenlow. Mr. Jorkins was not by any means the awful creature one might have expected, but a large, mild, smooth-faced man of sixty, who took so much snuff that there was a tradition in the Commons that he lived principally on that stimulant, having little room in his system for any other article of diet.

"You have mentioned this to Mr. Spenlow, I suppose?" said Mr. Jorkins; when he had heard me, very restlessly, to an end.

I answered Yes, and told him that Mr. Spenlow had introduced his name.

"He said I should object?" asked Mr. Jorkins.

I was obliged to admit that Mr. Spenlow had considered it probable.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Copperfield, I can't advance your object," said Mr. Jorkins, nervously. "The fact is—but I have an appointment at the Bank, if you'll have the goodness to excuse me."

With that he rose in a great hurry, and was going out of the room, when I made bold to say that I feared, then, there was no way of arranging the matter?

"No!" said Mr. Jorkins, stopping at the door to shake his head. "Oh, no! I object, you know," which he said very rapidly, and went out. "You must be aware, Mr. Copperfield," he added, looking restlessly in at the door again, "if Mr. Spenlow objects ——"

"Personally, he does not object, sir," said I.

"Oh! Personally!" repeated Mr. Jorkins, in an impatient manner. "I assure you there's an objection, Mr. Copperfield. Hopeless! What you wish to be done, can't be done. I—I really have got an appointment at the Bank." With that he fairly ran away; and to the best of my knowledge, it was three days before he showed himself in the Commons again.

Being very anxious to leave no stone unturned, I waited until Mr. Spenlow came in, and then described what had passed; giving him to understand that I was not hopeless of his being able to soften the adamant Jorkins, if he would undertake that task.

"Copperfield," returned Mr. Spenlow, with a sagacious smile, "you have not known my partner, Mr. Jorkins, as long as I have. Nothing is farther from my thoughts than to attribute any degree of artifice to Mr. Jorkins. But Mr. Jorkins has a way of stating his objections which often deceives people. No, Copperfield!" shaking his head. "Mr. Jorkins is not to be moved, believe me!"



on the opposite chimney-pots, and thinking about Dora; until Mr. Spenlow came in, crisp and curly.

"How are you, Copperfield?" said he. "Fine morning!"

"Beautiful morning, sir," said I. "Could I say a word to you before you go into Court?"

"By all means," said he. "Come into my room."

I followed him into his room, and he began putting on his gown, and touching himself up before a little glass he had, hanging inside a closet door.

"I am sorry to say," said I, "that I have some rather disheartening intelligence from my aunt."

"No!" said he. "Dear me! Not paralysis, I hope?"

"It has no reference to her health, sir," I replied. "She has met with some large losses. In fact, she has very little left, indeed."

"You as-tound me, Copperfield!" cried Mr. Spenlow.

I shook my head. "Indeed, sir," said I, "her affairs are so changed, that I wished to ask you whether it would be possible—at a sacrifice on our part of some portion of the premium, of course," I put in this, on the spur of the moment, warned by the blank expression of his face—"to cancel my articles?"

What it cost me to make this proposal, nobody knows. It was like asking, as a favor, to be sentenced to transportation from Dora.

"To cancel your articles, Copperfield? Cancel?"

I explained with tolerable firmness, that I really did not know where my means of subsistence were to come from, unless I could earn them for myself. I had no fear for the future, I said—and I laid great emphasis on that, as if to imply that I should still be decidedly eligible for a son-in-law one of these days—but, for the present, I was thrown upon my own resources.

"I am extremely sorry to hear this, Copperfield," said Mr. Spenlow. "Extremely sorry. It is not usual to cancel articles for any such reason. It is not a professional course of proceeding. It is not a convenient precedent at all. Far from it. At the same time"—

"You are very good, sir," I murmured, anticipating a concession.

"Not at all. Don't mention it," said Mr. Spenlow. "At the same time, I was going to say, if it had been my lot to have my hands unfettered—if I had not a partner—Mr. Jorkins"—

My hopes were dashed in a moment, but I made another effort.

"Do you think, sir," said I, "if I were to mention it to Mr. Jorkins—"

Mr. Spenlow shook his head discouragingly. "Heaven forbid, Copperfield," he replied, "that I should do any man an injustice; still less, Mr. Jorkins. But I know my partner, Copperfield. Mr. Jorkins is *not* a man to respond to a proposition of this peculiar nature. Mr. Jorkins is very difficult to move from the beaten track. You know what he is!"

I am sure I knew nothing about him, except that he had originally been alone in the business, and now lived by himself in a house near Montagu Square, which was fearfully in want of painting; that he came very late of a day, and went away very early; that he never appeared to be consulted about anything; and that he had a dingy little black-hole of his own up-stairs, where no business was ever done, and where there was a yellow old cartridge-paper pad upon his desk, unsoiled by ink, and reported to be twenty years of age.

to let my mind run on my own distress so much, I was so devoted to Dora that I could not help it. I knew that it was base in me not to think more of my aunt, and less of myself; but, so far, selfishness was inseparable from Dora, and I could not put Dora on one side for any mortal creature. How exceedingly miserable I was, that night!

As to sleep, I had dreams of poverty in all sorts of shapes, but I seemed to dream without the previous ceremony of going to sleep. Now I was ragged, wanting to sell Dora matches, six bundles for a halfpenny; now I was at the office in a nightgown and boots, remonstrated with by Mr. Spenlow on appearing before the clients in that airy attire; now I was hungrily picking up the crumbs that fell from old Tiffey's daily biscuit, regularly eaten when Saint Paul's struck one; now I was hopelessly endeavouring to get a license to marry Dora, having nothing but one of Uriah Heep's gloves to offer in exchange, which the whole Commons rejected; and still, more or less conscious of my own room, I was always tossing about like a distressed ship in a sea of bed-clothes.

My aunt was restless, too, for I frequently heard her walking to and fro. Two or three times in the course of the night, attired in a long flannel wrapper in which she looked seven feet high, she appeared, like a disturbed ghost, in my room, and came to the side of the sofa on which I lay. On the first occasion I started up in alarm, to learn that she inferred from a particular light in the sky, that Westminster Abbey was on fire; and to be consulted in reference to the probability of its igniting Buckingham Street, in case the wind changed. Lying still, after that, I found that she sat down near me, whispering to herself "Poor boy!" And then it made me twenty times more wretched, to know how unselfishly mindful she was of me, and how selfishly mindful I was of myself.

It was difficult to believe that a night so long to me, could be short to anybody else. This consideration set me thinking and thinking of an imaginary party where people were dancing the hours away, until that became a dream too, and I heard the music incessantly playing one tune, and saw Dora incessantly dancing one dance, without taking the least notice of me. The man who had been playing the harp all night, was trying in vain to cover it with an ordinary sized nightcap, when I awoke; or I should rather say, when I left off trying to go to sleep, and saw the sun shining in through the window at last.

There was an old Roman bath in those days at the bottom of one of the streets out of the Strand—it may be there still—in which I have had many a cold plunge. Dressing myself as quietly as I could, and leaving Peggotty to look after my aunt, I tumbled head foremost into it, and then went for a walk to Hampstead. I had a hope that this brisk treatment might freshen my wits a little; and I think it did them good, for I soon came to the conclusion that the first step I ought to take was, to try if my articles could be cancelled and the premium recovered. I got some breakfast on the Heath, and walked back to Doctors' Commons, along the watered roads and through a pleasant smell of summer flowers, growing in gardens and carried into town on hucksters' heads, intent on this first effort to meet our altered circumstances.

I arrived at the office so soon, after all, that I had half an hour's loitering about the Commons, before old Tiffey, who was always first, appeared with his key. Then I sat down in my shady corner, looking up at the sunlight



I seriously believe it had never once entered my head for a single moment, to consider whether she was or not. I resented the idea, of course; but I was in a manner struck by it, as a new one altogether.

"Not light-headed?" said my aunt.

"Light-headed, aunt!" I could only repeat this daring speculation with the same kind of feeling with which I had repeated the preceding question.

"Well, well!" said my aunt. "I only ask. I don't depreciate her. Poor little couple! And so you think you were formed for one another, and are to go through a party-supper-table kind of life, like two pretty pieces of confectionary, do you, Trot?"

She asked me this so kindly, and with such a gentle air, half playful and half sorrowful, that I was quite touched.

"We are young and inexperienced, aunt, I know," I replied; "and I dare say we say and think a good deal that is rather foolish. But we love one another truly, I am sure. If I thought Dora could ever love anybody else, or cease to love me; or that I could ever love anybody else, or cease to love her; I don't know what I should do—go out of my mind, I think!"

"Ah, Trot!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and smiling gravely; "blind, blind, blind!"

"Some one that I know, Trot," my aunt pursued, after a pause, "though of a very pliant disposition, has an earnestness of affection in him that reminds me of poor Baby. Earnestness is what that Somebody must look for, to sustain him and improve him, Trot. Deep, downright, faithful earnestness."

"If you only knew the earnestness of Dora, aunt!" I cried.

"Oh, Trot!" she said again; "blind, blind!" and without knowing why, I felt a vague unhappy loss or want of something overshadow me like a cloud.

"However," said my aunt, "I don't want to put two young creatures out of conceit with themselves, or to make them unhappy; so, though it is a girl and boy attachment, and girl and boy attachments very often—mind! I don't say always!—come to nothing, still we'll be serious about it, and hope for a prosperous issue one of these days. There's time enough for it to come to anything!"

This was not upon the whole very comforting to a rapturous lover; but I was glad to have my aunt in my confidence, and I was mindful of her being fatigued. So I thanked her ardently for this mark of her affection, and for all her other kindnesses towards me; and after a tender good night, she took her nightcap into my bedroom.

How miserable I was, when I lay down! How I thought and thought about my being poor, in Mr. Spenlow's eyes; about my not being what I thought I was, when I proposed to Dora; about the chivalrous necessity of telling Dora what my worldly condition was, and releasing her from her engagement if she thought fit; about how I should contrive to live, during the long term of my articles, when I was earning nothing; about doing something to assist my aunt, and seeing no way of doing anything; about coming down to have no money in my pocket, and to wear a shabby coat, and to be able to carry Dora no little presents, and to ride no gallant greys, and to show myself in no agreeable light! Sordid and selfish as I knew it was, and as I tortured myself by knowing that it was,

"Because you and I are very different people," I returned.

"Stuff and nonsense, Trot!" replied my aunt.

My aunt went on with a quiet enjoyment, in which there was very little affectation, if any; drinking the warm ale with a teaspoon, and soaking her strips of toast in it.

"Trot," said she, "I don't care for strange faces in general, but I rather like that Barkis of yours, do you know!"

"It's better than a hundred pounds to hear you say so!" said I.

"It's a most extraordinary world," observed my aunt, rubbing her nose; "how that woman ever got into it with that name, is unaccountable to me. It would be much more easy to be born a Jackson, or something of that sort, one would think."

"Perhaps she thinks so, too; it's not her fault," said I.

"I suppose not," returned my aunt, rather grudging the admission; "but it's very aggravating. However, she's Barkis *now*. That's some comfort. Barkis is uncommonly fond of you, Trot."

"There is nothing she would leave undone to prove it," said I.

"Nothing, I believe," returned my aunt. "Here, the poor fool has been begging and praying about handing over some of her money—because she has got too much of it! A simpleton!"

My aunt's tears of pleasure were positively trickling down into the warm ale.

"She's the most ridiculous creature that ever was born," said my aunt. "I knew, from the first moment when I saw her with that poor dear blessed baby of a mother of yours, that she was the most ridiculous of mortals. But there are good points in Barkis!"

Affecting to laugh, she got an opportunity of putting her hand to her eyes. Having availed herself of it, she resumed her toast and her discourse together.

"Ah! Mercy upon us!" sighed my aunt. "I know all about it, Trot! Barkis and myself had quite a gossip while you were out with Dick. I know all about it. I don't know where these wretched girls expect to go to, for my part. I wonder they don't knock out their brains against—against mantelpieces," said my aunt; an idea which was probably suggested to her by her contemplation of mine.

"Poor Emily!" said I.

"Oh, don't talk to me about poor," returned my aunt. "She should have thought of that, before she caused so much misery! Give me a kiss, Trot. I am sorry for your early experience."

As I bent forward, she put her tumbler on my knee to detain me, and said:

"Oh, Trot, Trot! And so you fancy yourself in love! Do you?"

"Fancy, aunt!" I exclaimed, as red as I could be. "I adore her with my whole soul!"

"Dora, indeed!" returned my aunt. "And you mean to say the little thing is very fascinating, I suppose?"

"My dear aunt," I replied, "no one can form the least idea what she is!"

"Ah! And not silly?" said my aunt.

"Silly, aunt!"



"To be sure there is," said I. "But all we can do just now, Mr. Dick, is to keep a cheerful countenance, and not let my aunt see that we are thinking about it."

He assented to this in the most earnest manner; and implored me, if I should see him wandering an inch out of the right course, to recal him by some of those superior methods which were always at my command. But I regret to state that the fright I had given him proved too much for his best attempts at concealment. All the evening his eyes wandered to my aunt's face, with an expression of the most dismal apprehension, as if he saw her growing thin on the spot. He was conscious of this, and put a constraint upon his head; but his keeping that immovable, and sitting rolling his eyes like a piece of machinery, did not mend the matter at all. I saw him look at the loaf at supper (which happened to be a small one), as if nothing else stood between us and famine; and when my aunt insisted on his making his customary repast, I detected him in the act of pocketing fragments of his bread and cheese; I have no doubt for the purpose of reviving us with those savings, when we should have reached an advanced stage of attenuation.

My aunt, on the other hand, was in a composed frame of mind, which was a lesson to all of us—to me, I am sure. She was extremely gracious to Peggotty, except when I inadvertently called her by that name; and, strange as I knew she felt in London, appeared quite at home. She was to have my bed, and I was to lie in the sitting-room, to keep guard over her. She made a great point of being so near the river, in case of a conflagration; and I suppose really did find some satisfaction in that circumstance.

"Trot, my dear," said my aunt, when she saw me making preparations for compounding her usual night-draught, "No!"

"Nothing, aunt?"

"Not wine, my dear. Ale."

"But there is wine here, aunt. And you always have it made of wine."

"Keep that, in case of sickness," said my aunt. "We mustn't use it carelessly, Trot. Ale for me. Half a pint."

I thought Mr. Dick would have fallen, insensible. My aunt being resolute, I went out and got the ale myself. As it was growing late, Peggotty and Mr. Dick took that opportunity of repairing to the chandler's shop together. I parted from him, poor fellow, at the corner of the street, with his great kite at his back, a very monument of human misery.

My aunt was walking up and down the room when I returned, crimping the borders of her nightcap with her fingers. I warmed the ale and made the toast on the usual infallible principles. When it was ready for her, she was ready for it, with her nightcap on, and the skirt of her gown turned back on her knees.

"My dear," said my aunt, after taking a spoonful of it; "it's a great deal better than wine. Not half so bilious."

I suppose I looked doubtful, for she added:

"Tut, tut, child. If nothing worse than Ale happens to us, we are well off."

"I should think so myself, aunt, I am sure," said I.

"Well, then, why *don't* you think so?" said my aunt.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## DEPRESSION.

As soon as I could recover my presence of mind, which quite deserted me in the first overpowering shock of my aunt's intelligence, I proposed to Mr. Dick to come round to the chandler's shop, and take possession of the bed which Mr. Peggotty had lately vacated. The chandler's shop being in Hungerford Market, and Hungerford Market being a very different place in those days, there was a low wooden colonnade before the door (not very unlike that before the house where the little man and woman used to live, in the old weather-glass), which pleased Mr. Dick mightily. The glory of lodging over this structure would have compensated him, I dare say, for many inconveniences; but, as there were really few to bear, beyond the compound of flavors I have already mentioned, and perhaps the want of a little more elbow-room, he was perfectly charmed with his accommodation. Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn't room to swing a cat there; but, as Mr. Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, "You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore, what does that signify to *me*!"

I tried to ascertain whether Mr. Dick had any understanding of the causes of this sudden and great change in my aunt's affairs. As I might have expected, he had none at all. The only account he could give of it, was, that my aunt had said to him, the day before yesterday, "Now, Dick, are you really and truly the philosopher I take you for?" That then he had said, Yes, he hoped so. That then my aunt had said, "Dick, I am ruined." That then he had said "Oh, indeed!" That then my aunt had praised him highly, which he was very glad of. And that then they had come to me, and had had bottled porter and sandwiches on the road.

Mr. Dick was so very complacent, sitting on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, and telling me this, with his eyes wide open and a surprised smile, that I am sorry to say I was provoked into explaining to him that ruin meant distress, want, and starvation; but, I was soon bitterly reprovéd for this harshness, by seeing his face turn pale, and tears course down his lengthened cheeks, while he fixed upon me a look of such unutterable woe, that it might have softened a far harder heart than mine. I took infinitely greater pains to cheer him up again than I had taken to depress him; and I soon understood (as I ought to have known at first) that he had been so confident, merely because of his faith in the wisest and most wonderful of women, and his unbounded reliance on my intellectual resources. The latter, I believe, he considered a match for any kind of disaster not absolutely mortal.

"What can we do, Trotwood?" said Mr. Dick. "There's the Memorial—"



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